

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/6

THERE IS NOTHING SO REFRESHING AS A CUP OF TEA.

DRINK

"SILVERDALE" TRITURATED TEA

THE TEA WITH FLAVOUR.

THE MOST REFRESHING.

ECONOMICAL.

160 CUPS OF DELICIOUS TEA TO THE POUND.

SOLD BY LEADING GROCERS.

WHOLESALE TERMS APPLY "SILVERDALE," 1 PAUL ST., E.C.2

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Many Celebrated Physicians

during the past 100 years have regularly prescribed DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Dr. CONQUEST, Physician to the City of London Lying-in Hospital, writes:—

"I have been much pleased with Dinneford's Magnesia . . . the profession and the public are indebted to you for a highly valuable addition to our list of medicines. As an agreeable mild aperient, it cannot fail to supersede many now in use."

Eminent chemists have proved that powdered Magnesia is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels. No such risk arises from the use of **DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**

Absolutely Safe. Cures GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL.

The universal remedy for ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEAD-ACHE, HEARTBURN, SOUR ERUCTATIONS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

AUSTRALIA BY THE ORIENT LINE

Under Contract to carry His Majesty's Mails.

Calling at GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, PORT SAID, COLOMBO, FREMANTLE, ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY and BRISBANE.

Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND and TASMANIA. Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.

HOLIDAY SEA TRIPS to Spain, Riviera and Italy.

Tons.	London.	Toulon.	Naples.
ORMONDE 14,853	—	Oct. 19	Oct. 21
ORVIETO 12,133	Nov. 10	Nov. 16	Nov. 18
OSTERLEY 12,129	Dec. 8	Dec. 14	Dec. 16
ORMUZ 14,588	Jan. 5	Jan. 11	Jan. 13

Managers—ANDERSON, GREEN, & CO., LTD., Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Av., E.C.3. Branch Offices: 14, Cockspur St., S.W. 1; No. 1, Australia House, Strand

TRUST THE TRIPLE-CHAIN GRIP OF



"The Avon has been on the wheel without puncture for 2½ years, during which it has done 20,000 miles over some of the worst roads in Lancashire. Needless to say I am not likely to buy foreign tyres."—R. FOSTER.

BORWICK'S

For Bread, Cakes, and Pastry, **BAKING POWDER** Puddings, and Pies.

GENUINE IRISH TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS DIRECT

Hamilton's Irish Materials are preferred by well-dressed men and women; the choice designs are woven in pure wool which gives lasting wear. Direct trading ensures genuine fabric and low price.

Sold in lengths or in garments tailored to measure by men tailors. Our simple self-measurement system ensures perfect fit: satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Patterns and literature post free on request. Write Desk 18.

THE WHITE HOUSE, PORTRUSH, NORTH IRELAND.

No Branches or Agencies.

Places du Théâtre Français et Palais Royal

HOTEL DU LOUVRE

All Modern Comfort—Entirely Renovated First Class Restaurant.

Rue de Rivoli Avenue de l'Opéra.

Telegraphic Address: Louvrotel-Paris.

ST. MORITZ

The Original Home of Winter Sports

ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND 6000 feet.

The Leading Hotels with Private Ice Rinks.

THE GRAND HOTEL THE KULM HOTELS THE SUVRETTA THE PALACE THE CARLTON



Smart Knitted S U I T S For Present Wear.

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Suits which have been specially designed for present wear. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful.

STOCKINETTE SUIT (as sketch), made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody from novelty wool stockinette in marl mixtures with raised design. A most becoming style with adaptable collar. In royal/grey, grey/black, fawn/nigger, gold/nigger, red/black only.

PRICE **10½ Gns.**

The same style in artificial silk in marl, or self colours, 12½ Gns.

Catalogue post free.

Pure Silk Hose

(as sketch), with openwork clox in best quality French silk, tops and feet of lisle thread. In putty, nude, beige, castor, light, mid and dark grey.

Price 10/11 per pair.



**Debenham
& Freebody.**
(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND)
Wigmore Street, London, W.1

Sent on approval.



In the Tea-gown department Jay's are showing a collection of exquisite models just arrived from Paris. The graceful Tea-gown illustrated—the "Chauve-Souris," is most becoming in style. It is produced in a rich broché crepe-de-Chine of exceptional quality in Chinese blue, flame, apricot, reseda, mauve, champagne or black.

AN INVITATION

THE newly erected portion of Jay's premises is now in active occupation, and the Directors tender an invitation to their patrons to inspect their new home for exclusive Paris Fashions.

In an exquisite salon on the first floor a special Exhibition is being held of the new Autumn Modes, revealing an endless display of Fashion's latest fancies. There are unusual Robes for all occasions where elegant and smartly dressed women congregate: Tailor-suits, original and becoming in style, Cape-wraps and Mantles—softly draped and daintily trimmed with Fur, chic Millinery—in fact, this showing embraces all the most interesting of the new Parisian ideas that are destined to become the vogue.

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT STREET
London, W.1.

Travel by "The Comfort Route"

TO NEW YORK & SOUTH AMERICA.

Everyone who travels by the Royal Mail and Pacific Lines is impressed by the manifold arrangements and devices for the comfort, safety and happiness of all passengers.

The sleeping accommodation is characterised by comfort and cleanliness, the cuisine is in the hands of expert "chefs," the dining, smoking, reading and social rooms are luxuriously appointed, and there is every possible facility for all sports, exercise, games, dancing, &c.

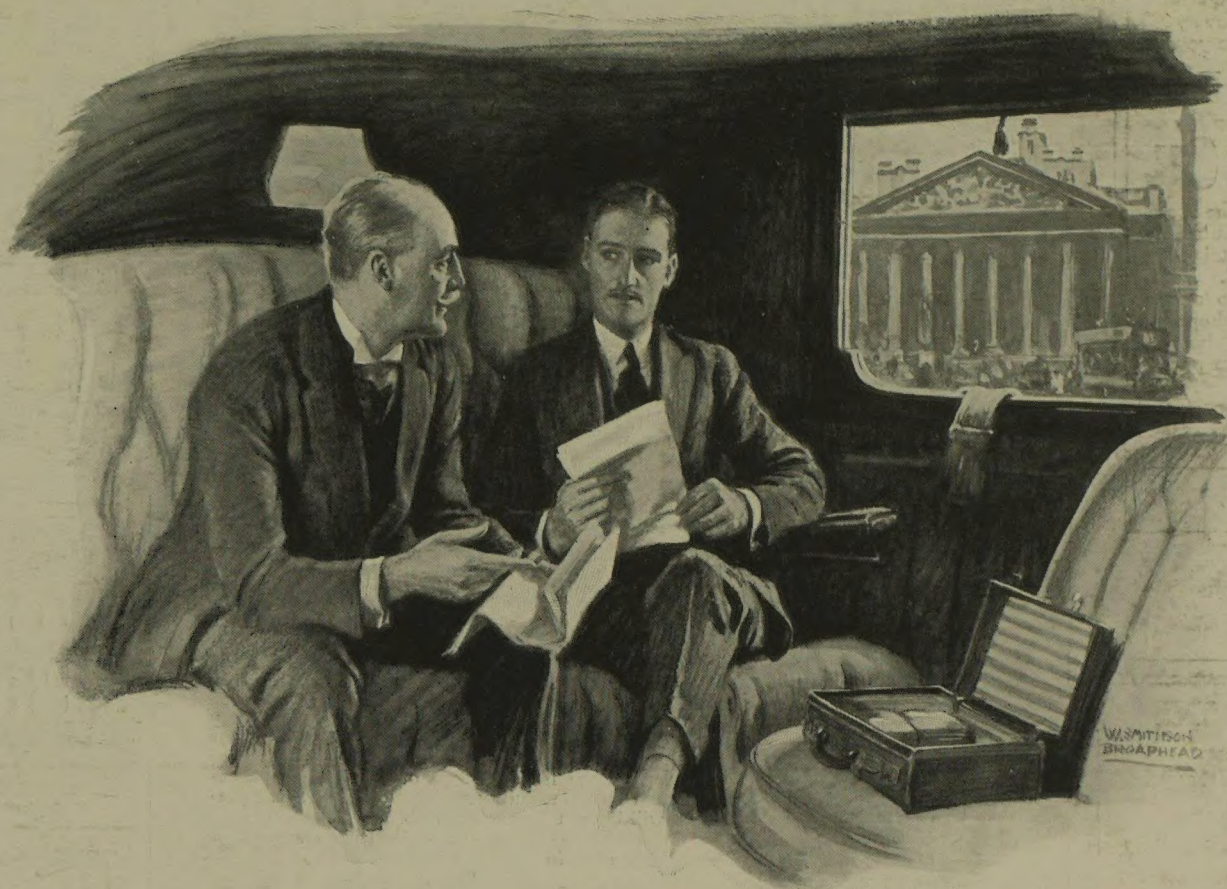
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2, and
America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.
Also at
Goree, Water Street, Liverpool,
SOUTHAMPTON, MANCHESTER,
BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW.

THE ROYAL MAIL AND PACIFIC LINES

Travel by
The Comfort Route

A longer round of business calls —in comfort



You can pay more calls in the time at your disposal, and in infinitely greater comfort, if you 'phone for one of the big cars of Daimler Hire, Ltd.—your own private car for just as long as you need it.

The cost is quite moderate; you might easily spend as much or more in getting around in taxis. And, apart from the sense of well-being this car and its faultless equipment bring you, think of the blessed convenience. Throughout the day it is your travelling office—even your reception room. There is plenty of room for two or three of your business friends besides yourself and your secretary. You can go through your papers comfortably on the way and leave them in

safety during your visits. Agreeably to your prestige, in this fine car—*your* car—you may drive your friends to lunch at a place worth lunching at. The spick-and-span chauffeur—*your* chauffeur—is a model of quiet efficiency.

Transported in this deep-cushioned ease, you may transact more business with far less strain on your nervous and physical system than ever before. To everybody who uses a Daimler Hire car for the first time—for social or business calls, for entertainments or for country trips—the luxury, the comfort, and the *cheapness* of the service come as a wonderful revelation. Try it yourself.

Phone
KENSINGTON
7040

DAIMLER HIRE

A luxurious car for just as long as you need it

Hire a Daimler for Shopping, Visiting, the Theatre, Dances, Business Calls, Day Runs, Week Ends, the Races, or for any social engagement in town or country.

Specimen Reduced Tariff: 10 dinner, theatre, supper, and home again in a car that will carry six—25/- for 25 miles between 6 p.m. and 12 midnight. Ask for full Tariff List.

"Why is Your Hair so Lovely?"

How proud she is as she runs her fingers through her hair rippling loose in "waves of glory" and she remembers the envious question "Why is your hair so lovely?" And yet her secret can be yours:

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Your hair is healthy at the roots. Bring forth all its luxuriant beauty with the nourishment contained in Rowland's Macassar Oil. Let it feed your poor hair to strong vigorous growth. When shopping to-day get it at any chemist, stores, or hairdresser you pass - 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair.

ROWLAND'S
112 Guildford St., London, W.C. 1.

ADELBODEN! ADELBODEN!!

The Great Winter Resort
For Ski-ing, Skating, Curling & Tobogganing

CONCESSIONS

For Hotels at Adelboden, Grindelwald, Engelberg and Beatenberg Winter Season, CEASE ON 1st DEC! BOOK NOW!

Early Booking advisable to secure choice of Rooms.

Rooms for all Hotels reserved at this Office.

Illustrated Programmes Post
Free of Algerian, Sicilian,
Italian, Swiss & Paris Tours.

Independent Inclusive Travel Arranged.

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS

74, WIGMORE STREET, W. 1.

'Phone: Langham 1746.

17 Blacklead Gradations
and
Medium and Hard
Copying.

VENUS
PENCILS

The world's largest seller in quality pencils.



THE remarkable results achieved by Eugène's New "Oil Vapour" Process, when skilfully applied by Eugène experts, are amply revealed in this photograph. Note the total absence of any "set" appearance, the waves falling with just that suggestion of carelessness which is the charm of naturally wavy hair. A copy of our folio of photographs containing full particulars of the Eugène process will be sent free on request.

Eugène guarantee successful results in every case they undertake.

EUGÈNE Ltd.

Perfectors of Permanent Waving.

23, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., W.1.
PARIS. NEW YORK.

Our Consulting Expert will, without obligation, gladly advise on any question appertaining to permanent waving. Write for an appointment.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10½d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

SIR HENRY LUNN, LTD.,

Short Sea Route.

High Class Tours.

£16 16 ROME TOURS, under the charge of Mr. G. C. Dobbs, M.A.

£17 17 RIVIERA TOURS: GENOA, MENTONE, NICE, under the charge of Major Wright.

48 Gns. ALGERIA AND TUNISIA, under the charge of Mr. P. G. Boyle, late Assistant-Commissioner in Zambezia.

99 Gns. PALESTINE AND EGYPT TOUR for the Christmas Holidays.

TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN. Cairo and Nile Tour, with LECTURES BY SIR RIDER HAGGARD, K.B.E.

SPECIAL PALESTINE TOUR accompanied by Colonel Fergusson, C.M.G., late Commandant in Jaffa, Jerusalem and Damascus. Interviews with Colonel Fergusson at 3, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly. 5T, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.1.

GOERZ OPERA GLASSES.

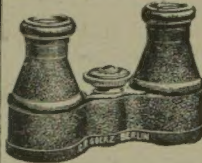
The new UNIPONT OPERA is an immense advance on the ordinary opera glass. It is DAMP and DUST-PROOF, and the focussing cannot go out of order.

MADE in TWO MODELS:

Model 1 (small) £1 16 3
Model 2 (standard size) £2 2 0

(including purse).

Ideal for PRESENTATION
Obtainable from all
Opticians.



PEELING and
VAN NECK, Ltd.,

GOERZ Distributors,
4-6, Holborn Circus,
London, E.C. 1

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS

FOR EASY SHAVING.

Without the use of Soap, Water or Brush.
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK

We bought the business with the recipe, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale only:
R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.,
Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

Always ask for

"SPHERE" BRACES, GARTERS, SUSPENDERS

Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee
Obtainable from all Drapers & Outfitters



///

The rich colour of Kenilworths is a visible proof both of the fine quality of the tobacco and of its perfect maturity. The large stocks of the best vintages held by the manufacturers of Kenilworths ensure a cigarette which excels all others at the price.

1/6 for 20:
3/8 for 50: 7/4 for 100.

There's worth
in Kenilworth
Cigarettes

COPE BROS. & Co., LTD.,
London and Liverpool.

Extreme Value in Best-class Cars

THE 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall at the chassis price of £695 enables one to have a full-sized and full-powered closed motor carriage of the best English construction for little more than £1000. The

power developed exceeds 60 b.h.p. (tax but £23). The body space is 8 ft. 8 in. The highest refinement of running is ensured by the action of the Lanchester harmonic balancer. The petrol consumption is low.



23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Sutherland' cabriolet, £1170. To seat seven.
Salisbury limousine £1220. Warwick landaulette £1195.

OLYMPIA
MOTOR SHOW
Nov. 2-10
STAND 177

Ask for full particulars of the Vauxhall closed-body range, 23-60 h.p. and 14-40 h.p. models.

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE

Telephone: Luton 466 (4 lines)

Telegrams: Carvaux Luton

LONDON: 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1

Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines)

Telegrams: Whirling Phone London

London Agents: Shaw & Kilburn Ltd., 20 Conduit Street, W.1 (Tel: Mayfair 6210)

The Illustrated

SPORTING & DRAMATIC News



CONTAINS THE
FINEST SPORTING
ILLUSTRATIONS.

IS OF INTEREST
TO ALL LOVERS OF
SPORT & THE DRAMA

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C. 2

Published every Friday.

First in the Field.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

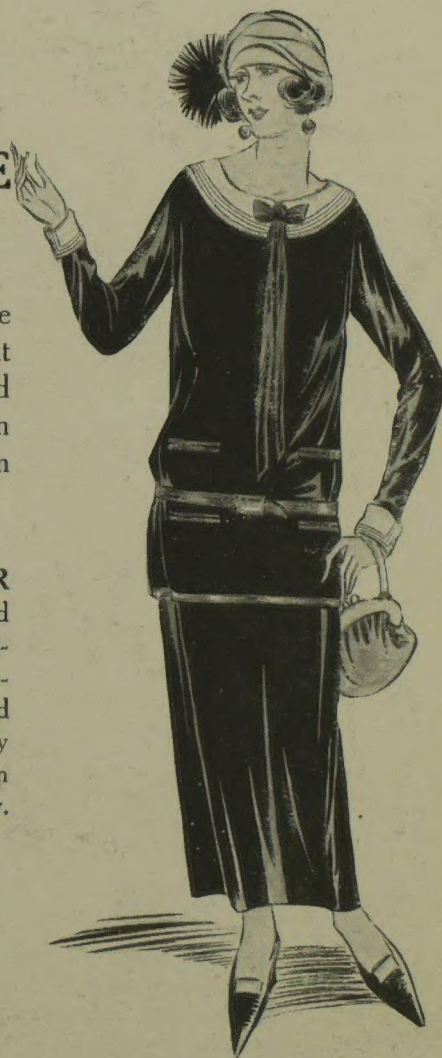
THE FASHION FOR TAILOR-MADE JUMPER SUITS.

Tailor-made Jumper Suits are most fashionable for present wear. The Suit illustrated is man-tailored in our own workrooms, and made from high-grade materials.

"LA GARÇONNE" JUMPER SUIT, designed by Premet, and made from rich quality chiffon velveteen. Collar and cuffs of crêpe-de-Chine and Georgette trimmed soutache, the pockets are finely braided. Graceful skirt mounted on yoke without corselet. In black only.

PRICE—

8½ Gns.



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, LONDON, S.W.1



B.L.
GOLD LABEL
Scotch Whisky
15/- per Bottle
Pre-War Quality &
Strength: 25 u.p.

A whisky of fine
character for the
occasions of old-
fashioned friendly
hospitality.

BULLOCH, LADE & COMPANY
GLASGOW *Sole Proprietor: Duncan MacLeod* **LONDON**

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1923.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "METABIOLOGICAL PENTATEUCH": ADAM (MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON), EVE (MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES) AND THE SERPENT (MISS EDITH EVANS, WITHIN THE HOOD) IN PART I., "IN THE BEGINNING."

Mr. Bernard Shaw's new dramatic work, "Back to Methuselah," produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, has aroused immense interest. It is a cycle of five plays, which Mr. Shaw calls a "metabiological Pentateuch," and is conceived on a vast scale, ranging from the time of Adam up to 31,920 A.D. The above photograph shows the colloquy between Adam and Eve and the Serpent in the first act of Part I., "In the Beginning," where the Serpent imparts the secrets

of birth and love. Adam says: "I will live a thousand years; and then I will endure no more: I will die and take my rest. And I will love Eve all that time and no other woman." Eve replies: "And if Adam keeps his vow, I will love no other man until he dies." The Serpent says: "You have both invented marriage." Finally, Eve says: "Now the secret. The secret," and throws her arms round the Serpent, who whispers it to her.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DAWSON, BIRMINGHAM.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE have been at least two controversies about the fine play of "Hassan," though I hope there is no controversy about the tributes to the dead poet for proving that good poetry can be good drama. Touching the first, most sane people are disgusted with the idea of torture on the stage; but here, strictly speaking, there is no torture on the stage. There are, indeed, some who seem to hold the two manifestly mad opinions—first, that everything must give way to art; and second, that art consists in the mere intensity of the pain or passion aroused. To these we may answer, very simply, that in that case it would be even more really artistic if the people were really tortured. On that theory Nero would indeed have a right to say "*Qualis artifex pereo*." But even those who come nearest to saying such things seldom mean what they say. It was even so detached an intellectual as Mr. Walkley, I think, who, although he had declared that art "must be free to go anywhere and do anything, like the British Army," himself protested against the torture business in "La Tosca," from a just instinct for the defence of human dignity. And if it be true, as some say, that we cannot understand the East without entering into such demented triumphs of dirty spite, I hope we may go down to our Christian fathers without understanding the East.

But, as I say, the play of "Hassan" really does not raise the point, for, as a dreadful death was logically and legitimately a part of the story, the poet has treated it with something like reasonable restraint. But the other controversy, which concerns the scene following on the death, seems to me much more interesting and important. There is a dispute about the desirability of omitting or inserting the dialogue between the ghosts of the lovers hovering over the fountain, in which they seem to be merely shivering and groping and hopelessly vague about the value of their own sacrifice. The dialogue is very well done of its kind, as is the rest of the drama. But I do seriously think that duet of the ghosts much more of a moral outrage than the torturing of the prisoners. Nothing worse was done to the Oriental lovers than was done again and again to the Christian martyrs. But in martyrology their torments are remembered as triumphs, and about their pain there is no savour of pessimism. The martyrs walked about afterwards in Christian carvings and pictures, with their tools of torture carried proudly like sceptres or brandished defiantly like swords.

There seems no reason, at first sight, why we should not remember the wheel in "Hassan" like the wheel of St. Catherine, or the fire in "Hassan" like the fire of St. Laurence. The two might differ, indeed, about the sort of love that is the highest thing in life. But those who do regard their love as the highest thing in life might surely be allowed to claim that it had been faithful unto death. For in this respect the Christian faith only crowns and confirms a much older and more inarticulate conviction in all humanity—a deep and dumb intuition that those who die for great things have indeed become great. All who lament worthily the loss of friends in the Great War know that there is

in such things something that is somehow glorious, however much or little of its religious significance be revealed. This touch in the play is not doubt, but pessimism; and pessimism is a modern irritation—an itch to torment the spirit as the tyrant tormented the body. I doubt if so fine a poet, whatever his opinions, would have done it in connection with anything which was in the fullest and highest sense serious, as the feelings of friends about those fallen in the war were serious. And many soldiers suffered things almost as bad as any barbarian Sultan could devise; and many went into battle, as Horace said of Regulus, knowing well what the barbarian torturer was devising.

It is disproportionate to dwell on one weak point in a fine piece of work; but it seems to me that it is not only morally unhealthy, but intellectually unsound. It is, after all, illogical to imply that life ends in darkness, and then profess to be able to see in the dark. In this the error of the pessimist is that often attributed to the optimist. It is the error of having it both ways. From the sceptical standpoint there may or may not be something in immortality; but it is unfair to imply that there is something in it in

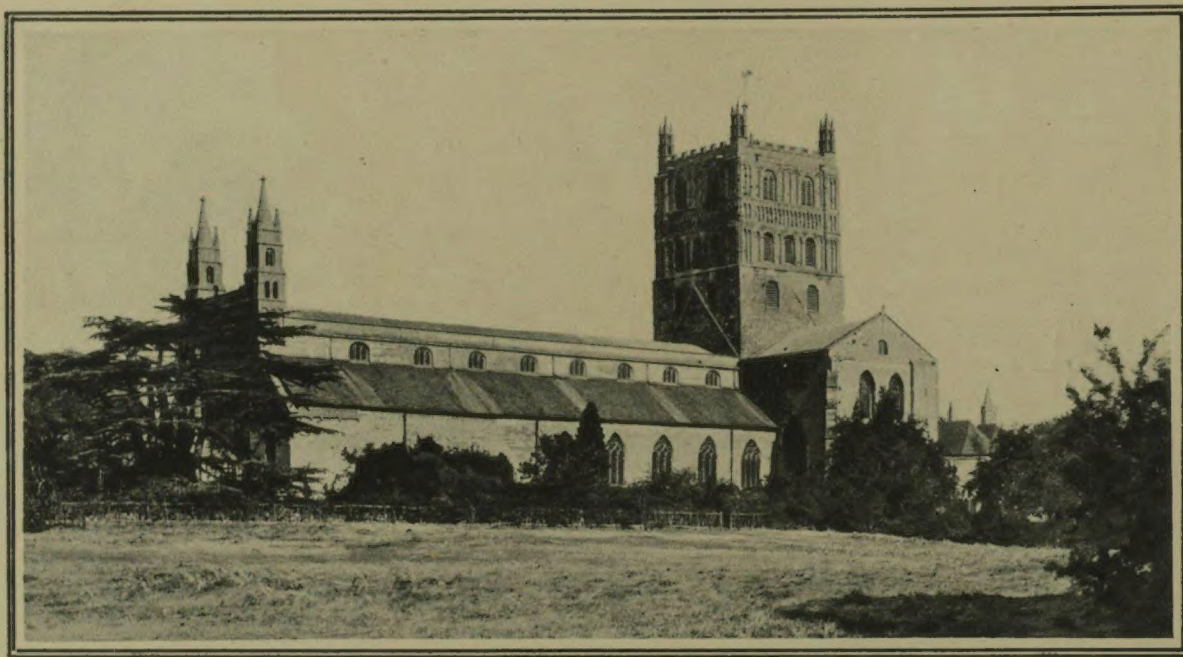
silence, and not whispering or whimpering or partially animated echoes. In this sense what is tragic is indeed agnostic; but neither the agnostic nor the tragic is akin to the pessimistic.

It may be said very truly that such a scene in such a drama is merely a symbol. But that only brings the argument a step further back to the question of what the symbol is supposed to symbolise. And if the point be insisted on, it does seem to me to symbolise a mood that may be Oriental or may be merely modern, but is at any rate barren and debilitating. It is a gloom that is not even resigned, but rather restless. And it is not so much restlessly bent on making things better as merely restlessly bent on insisting that they are bad. It delights in rubbing in pessimism like pepper; but, after all, there is good and bad pepper. And this sort of pessimism has always seemed to me a very small thing, though in our time it has certainly infected great men. Men like Hardy and Housman seem sometimes to dwell quite seriously on what is called the irony of fate. But I cannot for the life of me see how the irony of fate can be anything better than a metaphor. If the universe is dead, it is dead; and it certainly cannot

dance at our funeral. Star-dust cannot really be sarcastic. Space cannot really indulge in a laugh, even a hollow laugh, like the villain in the melodrama. These metaphors are merely evidences of a mad desire to make out life as more pessimistic than it need be even to a pessimist. It is an itch to represent even Atheism as worse than it is. And this itch or irritation does seem to me a feverish and foolish thing, not merely as compared with Christian charity and cheerfulness, but as compared with pagan stoicism and serenity. I cannot help feeling the presence of it in that acrid afterthought of the ghosts by the fountain. The pessimist of the Hardy school seems to assert God in order to deny Him. The dramatist seems to assert eternal life in order to show that it is not really alive.

We all rejoice so sincerely that a sound and serious piece of literature should be capable

of being presented with the pageantry and popularity of pantomime or melodrama that it is not certainly in any generally hostile spirit that I question this particular point. To produce a good play that is at once poetical and popular is an event in English history, especially in modern English history. It is something that has not happened since the Elizabethan drama died. But even that comparison brings us back to the same point. Heaven knows that Ford or Webster would have been capable of bringing on the stage any number of fantastic executioners or torturers whose procession should be like a dance of demons. But they would not have been capable of the anti-climax of suggesting that death itself is a sort of disappointment. For they were the inheritors of a great tradition, heathen as well as Christian, which could always at the least rise to saying: "He is there, up like a Roman statue, and will stand till death has made him marble." They believed at least that death made men marble, and would not have thought or hinted that it turned them to reeds shaken in the wind.



CONSECRATED IN 1123: TEWKESBURY ABBEY, WHOSE EIGHT-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY IS TO BE COMMEMORATED ON OCTOBER 23.

Of the Norman minsters raised at the time of its building, Tewkesbury Abbey alone remains practically as it was at the time of its consecration. As the "Observer" had it: "We can gaze upon Tewkesbury Abbey Church and count the stones which by the munificence of Robert FitzHamon, the nephew of the Conqueror, were well and truly laid one upon the other, under the devoted vigilance of one Alfred, a monk whose name, recorded in the Chronicles as 'Master of the Work,' one may well delight to honour." And, like Westminster, Winchester, and Canterbury, it has always been in touch with the great periods of England's history. "From no critical event between the beginning of the twelfth and the middle of the sixteenth century was Tewkesbury isolated; its successive lords, the Earls of Gloucester, the de Clares, the Despencers, the Beauchamps, the Nevilles, and the Warwicks, made and unmade the Kings of England in turn, married and suffered marriage with the Royal blood in each generation, fought and bled, conquered and were killed, but invariably were brought back to the splendour of Tewkesbury, therein to lie at rest until this day."—[Photograph by Topical.]

order to show that there is nothing in it. A man may reasonably be an agnostic about the existence of spirits, but he must not call spirits from the vasty deep to testify that they also are agnostics. In the ordinary sense of experience, we do not know what became of the souls of the two lovers. But if we are to imagine what became of them, we have as much right to imagine them walking in glory with the saints and heroes as to imagine them whimpering inconsequently round an old fountain. I leave out here, of course, all question of my own beliefs; I am talking about the logical consequences of other people's beliefs, or even unbeliefs. And it is not a logical consequence of the triumph of tyranny in this world that people cannot even enjoy their liberty in another world. It is a gratuitous piece of pessimistic dogmatism, that does not arise out of the case and has nothing in the world to do with it. It is enough for the case in question to say that the tyrant who kills does shut a door or does draw a curtain. In other words, the end of tragedy is like the end of one of the greatest of tragedies: "The rest is silence." It is

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., RUSSELL, VANDYK, L.N.A., AND SWAINE.



NEW LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC:
MR. LOUIS P. BRODEUR.



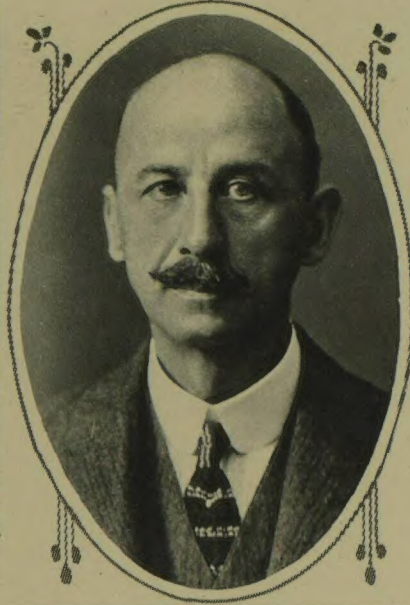
JOINT WINNER OF THE
MOTOR-GLIDING CONTEST:
FL.-LT. W. H. LONGTON.



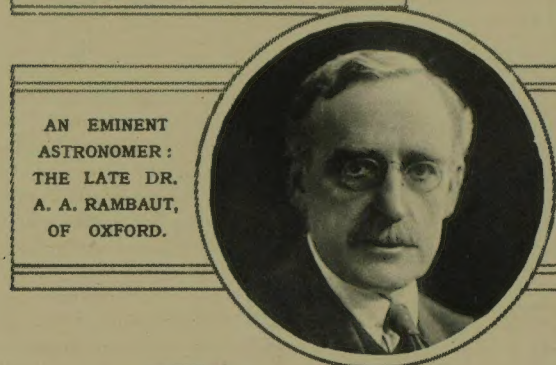
A FAMOUS FRENCH AIRMAN
KILLED AT LYPNE: THE
LATE M. MANEYROL.



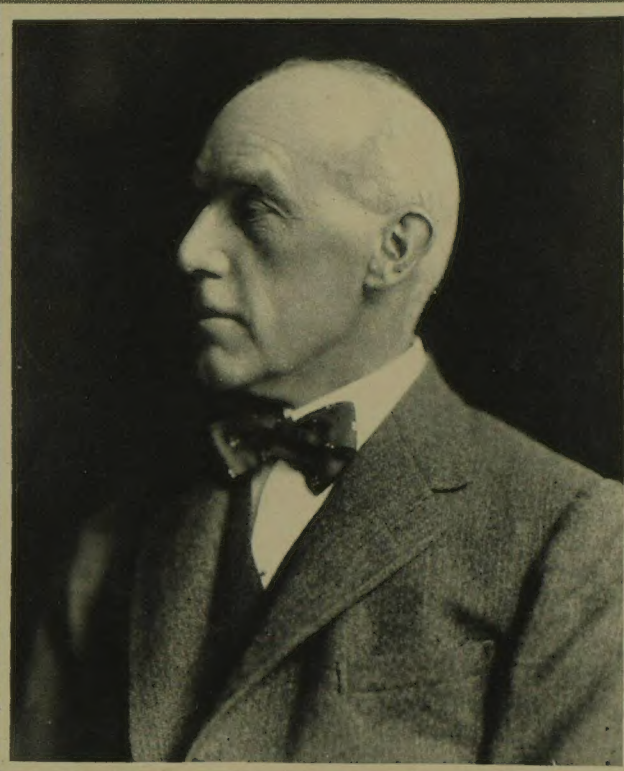
JOINT WINNER OF THE
MOTOR-GLIDING CONTEST:
MR. J. H. JAMES.



MENTIONED AS NEW GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON: SIR HORACE BYATT.



AN EMINENT
ASTRONOMER:
THE LATE DR.
A. A. RAMBAUT,
OF OXFORD.



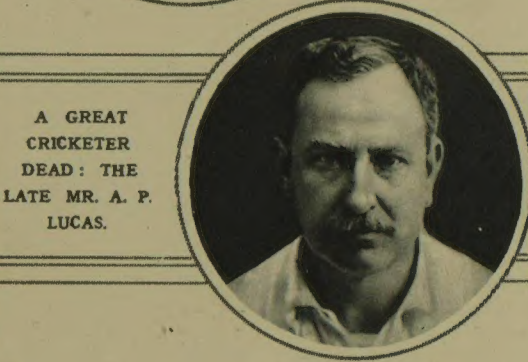
THE NEW MASTER OF THE ROLLS: THE RT. HON.
SIR ERNEST M. POLLOCK, BT., K.B.E., K.C.



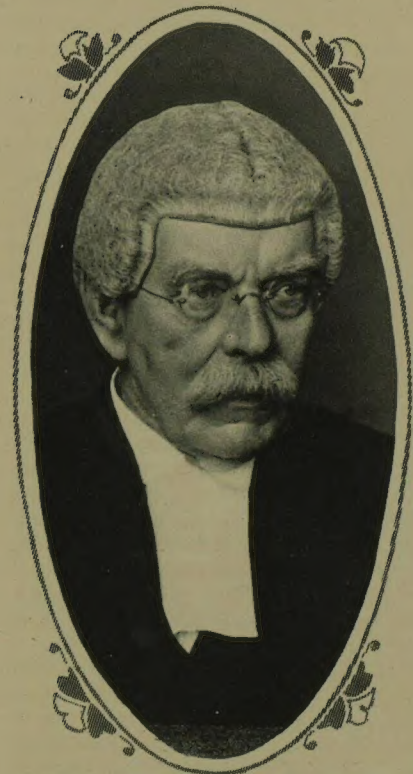
AN INDIAN
ARMY LEADER:
THE LATE
GENERAL SIR
H. V. COX.



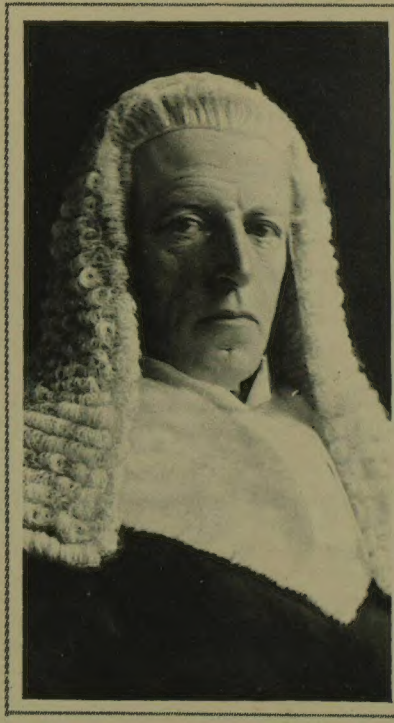
A DISTINGUISHED
PHYSICIST: THE
LATE DR. J.
ALLEN HARKER,
F.R.S.



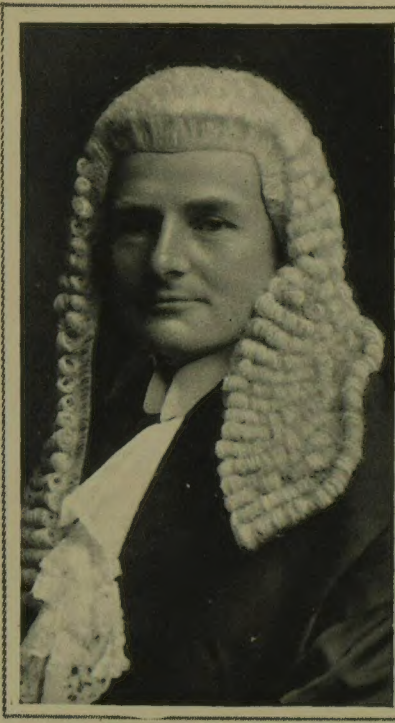
A GREAT
CRICKETER
DEAD: THE
LATE MR. A. P.
LUCAS.



A NEW LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL:
SIR CHARLES SARGANT.



A LEGAL RESIGNATION: LORD COLE-
RIDGE, THE WELL-KNOWN JUDGE.



A NEW CHANCERY JUDGE: MR.
THOMAS J. C. TOMLIN, K.C.



A NEW LORD OF APPEAL:
SIR ROBERT YOUNGER.

Mr. Louis P. Brodeur has been a judge of the Canadian Supreme Court for some twelve years. He represented Canada at the Imperial Conference of 1909.—The light-aeroplane contest for the longest flight on a gallon of fuel, at Lypne, ended in a tie between Flight-Lieutenant W. H. Longton (in a Wren monoplane) and Mr. J. H. James (A.N.E.C. monoplane). Both flew 87 miles on a gallon, at a cost of a farthing a mile. The last day of the meeting was marred by the fatal accident to M. Maneyrol. A photograph of his machine in flight appears on page 693.—Sir Horace Byatt has been Governor of Tanganyika Territory since 1920. He has held similar posts in German East Africa (conquered territory), Somaliland, and Malta.—Dr. Rambaut had been Radcliffe Observer at Oxford since 1897. He was previously Royal Astronomer of Ireland.—Dr. Allen Harker did valuable work during

the war as Director of Research in nitrogen products to the Ministry of Munitions, for which he went on missions to America, France, Sweden, and Norway.—Sir Ernest Pollock was Solicitor-General from 1919 to 1922, when he became Senior Law Officer of the Crown.—Sir Herbert Cox commanded the Gurkhas in Egypt, Arabia, and Gallipoli, and, later, the 4th Australian Division in Egypt and France. He was afterwards Military Secretary at the India Office.—Mr. A. P. Lucas, the great batsman, was coached at Uppingham by H. H. Stephenson, and at 17 was picked for Gentlemen of the South v. Players of the North.—Mr. Justice Sargent was appointed to the Bench in 1913.—Lord Coleridge became a Judge in 1907. He succeeded to the Peerage in 1894.—Mr. Tomlin has been Counsel to several Government Departments.—Lord Justice Younger became a Chancery Judge in 1915.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICAL OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, KADEL AND HERBERT, NEW YORK (SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL PRESS), THE "TIMES," SPECIAL PRESS, AND UNITED (SUPPLIED BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.).
THE OGLETHORPE PORTRAIT FROM A MEZZOTINT BY T. BURFORD, SUPPLIED BY AUGUSTIN RISCHGIZ.



NEW YORK'S GREAT WELCOME TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE: THE EX-PREMIER'S CAR (THIRD FROM RIGHT) IN BROADWAY ON THE WAY TO THE CITY HALL.



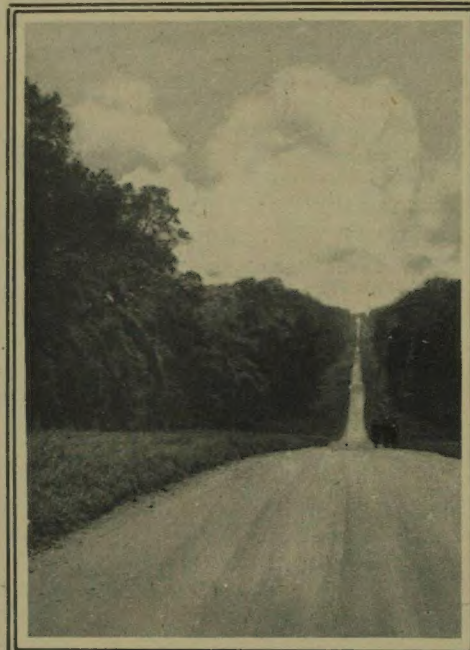
MR. LLOYD GEORGE WITH THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK AT THE CITY HALL: (L. TO R.) DAME LLOYD GEORGE, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MAYOR MURRAY HULBERT, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, AND MR. GROVER WHALEN, COMMISSIONER OF PLANTS AND STRUCTURES.



NOT TO BE EXHUMED AND TRANSPORTED TO AMERICA: GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE, FOUNDER OF GEORGIA.



A WAR MEMORIAL GIFT TO THE NATION BY THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB: PART OF LAKELAND, LOOKING FROM SCAFELL TOWARDS DERWENT-WATER, WITH GREAT GABLE ON THE LEFT.



MENACED BY THE BUILDER OR THE TIMBER MERCHANT: THE GRAND AVENUE OF STOWE, NEAR BUCKINGHAM.



JAPANESE PRISONERS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: CONVICTS SHACKLED TO A CABLE, AND WEARING BIG "HATS" CONCEALING THEIR FACES, MOVED FROM BURNING TOKIO.

Mr. Lloyd George, accompanied by his wife and their daughter Megan, had a great reception in New York, where they landed on October 5 from the "Mauretania." The ex-Premier has since been visiting Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Winnipeg, and Minneapolis.—The request of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia, that the body of General James Edward Oglethorpe (1696-1785), founder of the State, should be transferred from Cranham Church, Essex, to a proposed shrine at the University, was withdrawn in deference to opposition on both sides, in which the Bishop of Georgia and the Mayor of Savannah had joined. The tomb at Cranham was recently searched for, and the coffins of the General and his wife were found in good preservation. It may be recalled that General



A STATUE IN TOKIO PLACARDED WITH NOTICES LEFT BY REFUGEES, AND STATING THEIR WHEREABOUTS: PART OF THE SYSTEM OF DISCOVERING LOST FRIENDS.

Oglethorpe landed at Savannah, with 119 colonists, in 1732. Later he took out John and Charles Wesley as pastors for his colony.—The Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District have given, as a memorial to their members who fell in the war, a whole group of mountains to be "vested in the National Trust for the use and enjoyment of the people of this land for all time."—The Grand Avenue, two miles long, and the finest of its kind in England, leading from Buckingham to the historic mansion that is now Stowe School, is in danger of being sold for building or tree-felling. The purchaser who saved it when the estate was broken up hoped that it would be bought for the public, as its destruction would be a calamity. It is now in the hands of auctioneers.

AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE CAPITAL: "A CITY OF FOUNDATION STONES."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT H. FISHWICK ("SYDNEY MAIL"), SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



CANBERRA AS IT IS TO-DAY: A PANORAMIC VIEW FROM CAPITOL HILL, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE CAPITOL IN 1920—SHOWING THE POWER-STATION (THE LARGE BUILDING) AND (TO THE RIGHT) THE FIRST RESIDENTIAL COTTAGES.



TURNING THE FIRST SOD BY MACHINERY, ON THE SITE OF THE PROVISIONAL PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS AT CANBERRA: MR. STEWART, FEDERAL MINISTER OF WORKS, MANIPULATING THE LEVERS OF THE MECHANICAL DIGGER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON AUGUST 28, 1923.

The scheme for establishing a new Federal capital first took shape at the federation of the Australian Commonwealth in 1901, and after some years a site was chosen at Canberra, on a branch of the Murrumbidgee River, in New South Wales, 150 miles S.W. of Sydney, and 75 miles from the coast. It was not until 1913 that work was formally begun there, and progress was delayed, partly by the war, and partly by rivalry between Sydney and Melbourne. The Prince of Wales, who visited Canberra during his Australian tour in 1920, called it "a city of foundation stones." He himself laid that of the future Capitol, on Capitol Hill, from which the upper photograph was taken on August 28 last. On the same date,

Mr. Stewart, the Federal Minister of Works, turned the first sod (as shown in our lower photograph) on the site of the provisional Parliamentary buildings, to be erected at a cost of about £250,000. It is estimated that they will fulfil the requirements of the Australian Parliament for the next fifty years. Mr. Stewart said in his speech that the next Parliament should meet there. Manifestly it will be some time before Canberra becomes a city. At present it is a "Washington" in embryo. The city-to-be is beautifully situated in an amphitheatre of slightly undulating plain country. Beyond it a wide panorama of rolling upland melts into the indigo-blue of distant mountain ranges. The climate is delightful."

LIFE PROLONGED TO 300 YEARS BY CREATIVE EVOLUTION:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE



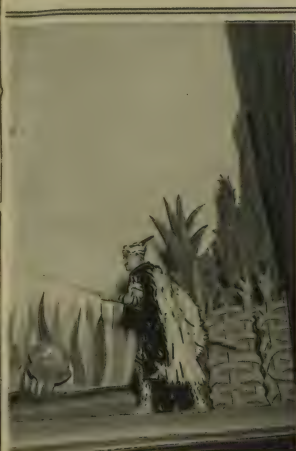
ADAM AND EVE FIRST LEARN THE MEANING OF DEATH: ADAM (MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON) AND EVE (MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES) WITH A DEAD FAWN, IN PART I.—"IN THE BEGINNING."



"IF YOU TAKE A STEP TOWARDS YOUR MOTHER WITH YOU STRUCK ABEL": ADAM DEFENDS

BERNARD SHAW'S "BACK TO METHUSELAH!" AT BIRMINGHAM.

DAWSON, BIRMINGHAM.



THAT SPEAR, I WILL STRIKE YOU WITH MY SPADE AS EVE FROM CAIN (MR. SCOTT SUNDERLAND).



PART II.—"THE GOSPEL OF THE BROTHERS BARNABAS": FRANKLYN BARNABAS (MR. WALLACE EVENNETT, THIRD FROM LEFT) WELCOMES EX-PREMIER LUBIN (MR. OSMUND WILLSON) AT HAMPTAD, SOON AFTER THE WAR.



HUMANITY BECOMES OVIPAROUS IN 31,920 A.D.: AMARYLLIS (MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES) EMERGES NEWLY-BORN FROM AN EGG, ASSISTED BY A SHE-ANCIENT (MISS EDITH EVANS, STANDING OVER HER TO THE RIGHT OF 'THE EGG', IN PART V, "AS FAR AS THOUGHT CAN REACH."



THE SYNTHETIC FEMALE FIGURE (MISS EVELYN HOPE) PLEADS FOR MERCY FROM THE SHE-ANCIENT (MISS EDITH EVANS) FOR HAVING KILLED PYGMALION, HER MAKER (MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON, PROSTRATE ON RIGHT): A SCENE IN PART V, "AS FAR AS THOUGHT CAN REACH."

The Bernard Shaw Festival at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre has been made memorable by the first production of his latest dramatic work, "Back to Methuselah!", which he describes as "a metabiological Pentateuch." It is not a single play, but a cycle of five plays, comparable to Wagner's "Ring." The five parts are: I.—"In the Beginning" (scenes: the Garden of Eden and an Oasis in Mesopotamia, a few centuries later); II.—"The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas" (Hamptead, shortly after the war); III.—"The Thing Happens" (The Official Parlour of the President of the British Islands, 2170 A.D.); IV.—"The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman" (scenes in Galway, 3000 A.D.); V.—"As Far as Thought Can Reach" (scene: a sunlit glade on a summer afternoon in the year 31,920 A.D.). The "thing" alluded to in the title of Part III, is the prolongation of human life to 300 years, as discovered by Dr. Conrad Barnabas, a professor of biology, in Part II. The right-hand top photograph shows the brothers Barnabas receiving a visit from the Premier and the ex-Premier, to whom they explain the discovery. The complete group is (left to right), the Rector, Mr. Haslam (Mr. Cedric Hardwicke), his sweetheart, Savvy

Barnabas (Miss Eileen Beldon), Franklyn Barnabas (Mr. Wallace Evennett), Mr. Lubin, the ex-Premier (Mr. Osmund Willson), the parlour-maid (Miss Margaret Chatwin), Mr. Joyce Burge, the Premier (Mr. Eric H. Messiter), and Dr. Conrad Barnabas (Mr. Frank Moore). It is presumed that Joyce Burge represents Mr. Lloyd George and Lubin Mr. Asquith. A note on the programme says: "Back to Methuselah!" . . . is a dramatisation of the process of creative evolution. Evolution for Mr. Shaw . . . is the spectacle of the control of physical phenomena by the triumphant Life Force, creative, immortal. We die when we are about 70 nowadays because our remote ancestors, perhaps Methuselah himself, discovered there were disadvantages in living for ever. The human race acquired the habit. Since then every circumstance of daily life has changed. Shaw suggests that, to cope with our fuller modern existence, we ought to decide to live longer, say 300 years, and he then shows the possible results." Other illustrations of the drama, with a portrait of Mr. Shaw and an essay upon him by Mr. Philip Guedalla, appear elsewhere in this number.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

XIII. — MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is the man of the moment in the dramatic world, through the production of his monumental play in five parts, "Back to Methuselah," by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Mr. Guedalla's witty appreciation of his artistic personality is, therefore, very timely.

MR. SHAW, like Tithonus, has discovered the secret of eternal age. He is emphatically the Boy who would, however young he might appear, grow up. Other men spend half a lifetime in the



AS THE GHOST OF LILITH IN PART V. OF MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "BACK TO METHUSELAH": MISS MARGARET CHATWIN, WHO DELIVERS THE EPILOGUE.

Part V. of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," a cycle of five plays, is entitled "As Far as Thought Can Reach." The Epilogue is delivered by the Ghost of Lilith, acted by Miss Margaret Chatwin in the Birmingham production.

Photograph by George Dawson, Birmingham.

laborious acquisition of enough grey hairs to lecture their countrymen. They write; they travel; they govern remote parts of the Empire. They wait until at least half the community believes them to be dead; and then, in measured accents, they begin to be didactic. But this long probation was distasteful to Mr. Shaw. He was confronted at birth by the challenging spectacle of his countrymen spread out in rows before him, waiting to learn. It seemed superfluous to qualify for their attention; and, instead, he promptly claimed it. At twenty-five he was telling them how to do it with the bland assurance of an Elder Statesman. Before he was thirty he had instructed them in the arts of music, literature, and the drama; and at thirty-five he was reconstructing their morality upon lines which he attributed, with some temerity, to Ibsen. He dealt in certainties, because he made it a rule to know better than his audience. Yet this impetuous flow of instruction was not due to arrogance. The instructor of the English-speaking race was the humblest of men. He has always talked like an uncle to his countrymen, because he has always been old enough to be their uncle. Perhaps he is a rare, an almost alarming, case of accelerated development. One seems to think of him as a sort of inverted Peter Pan.

But his native modesty is uncontaminated by the stern duty of setting everybody right. One of the most engaging features of his method is an unassuming habit of attaching to his strictly personal opinions the name of some recognised (and, if possible, Continental) authority. He invoked the almost spectral name of Ibsen to sanctify his views about Romance. Secure in the certainty that nobody read Nietzsche, he attributed to that shadowy figure his own curious convictions upon the future of the race. Schopenhauer, Wagner, Tchekov, Mozart, even the persevering M. Brieux, each found himself involved in these embarrassing attentions, as Mr. Shaw demurely deposited his intellectual offspring on their doorsteps with a shy intimation of the paternity of his opinions. His prehensile modesty has wriggled behind half the great

names in Europe. It enveloped their startled owners with his own views, as the serpents once enveloped Laocoon and his sons. There were no limits to his coyness. He even helped his friends to form a Fabian Society, in order that there might be in existence a body to which he could attribute his own views on current politics. This attribution was successful beyond the founder's most guileful dreams. Suburban statisticians simper proudly at imputations of wicked heterodoxy; and those dismal zealots stand, in the public mind, for freakish qualities which belong exclusively to Mr. Shaw.

Yet the gifts which he most cherishes are the least significant things about him. He seems sometimes to see himself as a statesman. He has never under-rated his own significance as a thinker. His opinions upon typography, oratorio, and municipal politics extort his unqualified admiration; and he has almost equalled his own expectations as a clothing-, food-, or even spelling-reformer. But there is one light which he has an odd tendency to hide beneath impenetrable bushels, whilst he uncovers with a sweeping gesture other and far, far briefer candles. He writes plays.

Mr. Shaw as dramatist enjoys a peculiar advantage over his competitors. They spend laborious lives in a long endeavour to convert the actions and conversation of human beings into an attractive entertainment. Mr. Galsworthy pretends that they are all ill-treated; Sir James Barrie (with him, Mr. A. A. Milne) lends them wings; Mr. John Drinkwater dresses them up in a persevering series of mild historical charades. But sooner or later in the evening, since audiences are human as well as the characters in their plays, come the *longueurs*, the stifled yawns, the faint regrets that we are not safe at home, which invariably result from several hours passed in the uninterrupted society of our fellow-creatures. The figures in their plays are, as Nietzsche ecstatically observed in another context, "human, all too human." But Mr. Shaw soared, from the very first, superior to this vulgar limitation. To him occurred the happy notion of relieving the British drama from its intolerable burden of human beings and substituting, as the docile vehicles of his inimitable monologue, a procession of fantastic puppets. Impressed, as so many serious critics have been, with the manifest superiority of Punch and Judy to almost all competing plays, he realised that their inspired antics triumphed because they interposed no flicker of reality, no faint, disturbing touch of human character, between the mind of the audience and that magnificently bleak conception of crime and punishment. Mr. Shaw, as one seems to see him, resolved to do likewise, to project the cold light of his magic-lantern on the screen without the baffling intervention of any human figure, of any remotest touch of sordid reality.

His audiences breathe an air that is unreal beyond transpontine melodrama and the transformation scenes of pantomimes. He opens a not particularly magic casement on the foam of perilous seas in lands which, though questionably faery, are indubitably forlorn; and he hears the horns of Elfland blowing unearthly but distinctly novel airs. His parables are performed by figures of the wildest romance—an inspired head-waiter, an intelligent general, some homicidal surgeons, a saint or so, and a few historical characters neatly inverted. Their lives, their utterances, their motives bear no relation to the normal and hardly any to the more exotic standards of those rococo types which specialise in Movements and have made Mr. Shaw the uncomplaining victim of their social ambitions. One passes, with the rise of the curtain, into a grotesque fairyland in which all things are possible. King's Counsel wear false noses; Regius Professors of Greek join the Salvation Army and play the drum; Miss Ellen Terry appears suddenly in Mogador; and lions chase Roman Emperors round and round the stage. But the oddities of motive and opinion are even stranger than the superficial queerness of Mr. Shaw's scene. As he jerks the wires, his little figures fall into strange, exaggerated postures which bear no resemblance to the easy attitudes of human beings. Their tiny mouths fall open; but the voice which reaches the audience has a uniform, a familiar Irish accent. They expose with admirable lucidity their author's personality; but they do it, at the sacrifice of their own. How much of Mr. Shaw one may learn from his "Cæsar," and how little of Cæsar. Even his comic dustman, one feels, would be more at home on a Fabian platform than in the humbler exercise of his calling. Perhaps a dramatist's main concern with his characters should be to present a little set of lightning biographies: Mr. Shaw seems to have chosen to compose instead

his own intellectual autobiography, and to offer it in a series of mildly dramatic instalments.

Yet there is something else with which playwrights are concerned. Their business, as solemn gentlemen remind them in print on the morning after the first performance, is to write plays, to construct an entertainment round some dramatic pivot. Even the Greeks achieved it; although they had not, for the most part, the advantage of reading Aristotle. Modern writers, with the voluble assistance of modern critics, have persevered in the attempt to be dramatic. But Mr. Shaw has intermittently scandalised the experts by a bland refusal to play the game according to the rules, and a complete omission of all dramatic point. It is a healthy insurrection; since justice requires that if Wagner is permitted to write a drama that is all music, Mr. Shaw should not be excommunicated for writing a drama that is all words. The words, in his case, are excellent words, since he is primarily a good talker who manages to put his talk on paper. But one winces a little at the thought of possible "Discussions" composed by the more earnest of his younger imitators. Mr. Shaw has a wide influence on the young *Intelligentsia*. But one hopes that in this

ance his departure from tradition will be a purely personal insurrection, and not a standard of revolt. His influence is strong in those daring circles which strive to keep abreast of the best thought of King Edward's reign. He shares the politics of the Labour Party—those queer pietists who direct the onward march of Progress with eyes turned back to the vague, Victorian figure of Karl Marx. In moral matters he has always marched breast-forward to be advanced, emulating a little the progressive lady in one of Mr. Wells's novels, whose "place was in the van. She did not mind very much where the van was going so long as she was in it." In the result, perhaps, he pays the penalty of his persevering modernity, since persons whose main determination is to be in advance of the fashion are apt eventually to be overtaken by it and left behind. His Ibsen and his Nietzsche bear date, as the dressmakers say. Even his Tchekov begins to look a trifle dowdy. Mr. Chesterton once wrote that "going to 'The Philanderers' is like going among periwigs and rapiers and hearing that the young men are now all for Racine." But even Mr. Chesterton's comment has been overtaken by the fashion, since the young men are once more all for Racine; and, as the wheel swings slowly round again, there is still hope for Mr. Shaw.



THE AUTHOR OF "BACK TO METHUSELAH": MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, THE FAMOUS DRAMATIST AND SOCIALIST.

Mr. Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin in 1856. He was one of the founders of the Fabian Society. Among his many famous plays may be mentioned "Man and Superman," "John Bull's Other Island," "Androcles and the Lion," "Pygmalion," and "Heartbreak House." Illustrations of "Back to Methuselah," his new serial drama, appear elsewhere in this number.

Photograph by Russell.

STORM AND TRAGEDY; A GERMAN CRIME; AND A RACING SURPRISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., P. AND A., AND TOPICAL.



A FAMOUS FRENCH AIRMAN KILLED AT LYMPNE: THE LATE M. MANEYROL MAKING A STEEP "BANK" DURING A FLIGHT THERE.



THE SENSATIONAL FIRST DEFEAT OF THE AGA KHAN'S "FLYING FILLY": MUMTAZ MAHAL (CENTRE) BEATEN BY ARCADE (RIGHT) IN THE IMPERIAL PRODUCE PLATE AT KEMPTON PARK.



A REMARKABLE SEQUENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHS: I.—A GERMAN "GREEN" POLICEMAN IN DUSSELDORF BEING DISARMED BY FRENCH CAVALRY OFFICERS.



II.—THE ACTUAL KILLING: THE GERMAN "GREEN" POLICEMAN BEING BEATEN TO DEATH WITH LEAD PIPES IN THE PRESENCE OF FRENCH CAVALRY.



THE GREAT TIDE ON THE SOUTH COAST: PART OF THE HUGE RAMPARTS OF SANDGATE CASTLE BROKEN DOWN BY THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF THE SEAS.

M. Alex. Maneyrol, the famous French pilot of light aeroplanes, was killed on October 13 by the crash of his machine at Lympne, a few hours before the close of the motor-gliding competition. On the previous day he had beaten the height record by rising to about 9600 ft. During this summer he distinguished himself at the Vauville aviation meeting in France, and last year he won the "Daily Mail" £1000 in the gliding contest at Itford Hill.—A sensation was caused in the racing world by the unexpected defeat of the Aga Khan's famous "flying filly," Mumtaz Mahal, by Mr. A. de Rothschild's Arcade, at Kempton Park. Mumtaz Mahal was conceding 10 lb. (including 6 lb. allowance), and owing to



WHERE HOUSES WERE FLOODED AND ABANDONED FOR FEAR OF COLLAPSE: A BREACH IN THE CONCRETE SEA WALL NEAR SANDGATE CASTLE CAUSED BY THE GREAT TIDE.

heavy going failed to stay the sixth furlong.—The photograph of a German "Green" policeman being disarmed by the French after the Düsseldorf disturbances of September 30, a few minutes before he was beaten to death by Separatists, is here repeated in order to place beside it another photograph (since received) of the actual killing. The photographer's camera was confiscated, but he had already removed the plate.—During the gale on October 12 an abnormally high tide swept the South Coast, dashing over the front and flooding low-lying ground. Many houses were abandoned by their inhabitants, who removed their furniture. Sandgate Castle and the adjacent sea-wall were badly damaged.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

OUR politicians may not practise literature in the scholarly manner of a Gladstone or a John Morley, nor have they the romantic touch of a Disraeli, but of making many books they know no end. Hardly was Mr. Asquith's new volume well into the hands of the public, when Mr. Lloyd George came from his technical retirement with a book in his hand and a bardic greeting on his title-page.

It was entirely characteristic that the great Welsh chieftain should find his title in the ritual of the Eisteddfod, and should put on, as it were, the robes of the Arch-Druid, when he stepped down among ordinary men to compete as a writer. It was inevitable too, that, writing of post-war world-politics, he should ask the Arch-Druid's question, "Is it Peace?"

"Master," says the slave in the first line of "The Frogs," "shall I begin with the usual jokes?" Similarly Mr. Lloyd George indulges himself with a stock opening, not at all jocular in its original use, but here given an allusive turn that is half a jest. Yet "his laughter has an echo that is grim," when the serious subject-matter of the book comes to be considered.

"Is It Peace?" by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s. 6d.), is a work that suggests the forum rather than the study. It contains, certainly, articles republished from periodicals, but with these is bound up an equal number of speeches. It is not easy to differentiate the two kinds. The articles might very well have been speeches, and the speeches articles, which means that they possess the qualities and the defects of the qualities of the native Mr. Lloyd George. This is all to the good. The ex-Premier is not out to create literature, in the permanent sense; to that he makes no pretensions, and, in the result, he remains true to his own individuality. His book, therefore, has a strong personal interest.

Apart from any political or social doctrines laid down in them, these papers have a peculiar value as an index to a complex and mercurial character. They reveal Mr. Lloyd George in his virtues and his failings, his fierce passion for bettering humanity and his curious inconsistencies in method and practice. They would seem to have been put together without any profound or critical consideration of unity. From them it would be impossible to construct any coherent system of political philosophy. Like their author they are meteoric and tangential, but often brilliantly illuminating, and to these qualities the book owes no small part of its attractiveness.

Among public men inspired with a passion for bettering humanity, none had a purer or more unselfish record than the great Lord Shaftesbury. It is now, almost forty years since his official biography was written by the late Edwin Hodder in two volumes, which can scarcely be called popular, and are now remembered only by specialists in the history of philanthropy. There was room for something in smaller compass that would appeal more directly to the present day, and this has now been undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond in "LORD SHAFTESBURY" (Constable; 12s.). It is the fashion nowadays

to put the great Victorians to the test of current scepticism. Admiration must now be tempered by criticism and explanation. By their fruits ye shall know them, rather than by their virtues most obvious while they lived.

It is in this mood that Lord Shaftesbury's work for humanity is now reviewed by the two eminent sociologists who have undertaken the task. With much of Shaftesbury's thought they are out of sympathy, and part of his work, weighed in their balance, is found wanting, but that has never been allowed to distort the portrait. A work like the present is timely, for it not only sets a notable nineteenth-century figure in needed perspective, but it makes contact, negative and positive, between Shaftesbury's times and our own. Students of social science will find this masterly book invaluable, and its personal side makes it palatable to the general reader who might not be allured by the purely scientific passages.

Yet another Victorian social reformer is recalled by the books on the table, but this time on the lighter

aunt who heard the speaker took the hint and made haste to present a very small boy with the book, which worked a spell that has not yet lost its power.

Although at present the Ancient Classics, and particularly the Greek Classics, are somewhat frowned upon, as far as study of the original goes, the way back to the fountain-head is being paved by a hopeful succession of books interpreting the Greek spirit to English readers. Mr. J. A. K. Thomson's "The Greek Tradition" was a notable pioneer, and since then Mr. W. R. Livingstone has given us "The Legacy of Greece," and more recently "THE PAGEANT OF GREECE" (The Clarendon Press, Humphrey Milford; 6s. 6d.). Mr. Thomson demands some knowledge of Greek, although his book can be enjoyed even by non-Grecians; Mr. Livingstone appeals frankly to the latter, and his avowed object is to help on the new Revival of Learning. No substitutes can convey the full content of the original, but the movement is a long step in the right direction. One of its best effects is

the breaking down of prejudice. To that good work Sir Gilbert Murray has long contributed, with his poetical translations, which have brought the Greek drama to the English stage. His version of "THE CHOEPHORE OF AESCHYLUS" (Allen and Unwin; 2s.) is the latest addition to the series. At Aberdeen University, Professor Harrower's fine translations and magnificent stage productions of the Attic drama are vital factors in the Greek Revival. Another enthusiast is Professor Wight Duff, of Armstrong College. Thanks to the work of these scholars and many others, this deviation towards Greek things can be made with a surer hope of a tolerant hearing than was possible, say, ten years ago. That is a sign of the times and a good one.

Time was when popularisation roused the scorn of the expert, but, now that the experts have their backs to the wall, they are fain to conciliate the Philistine and to take into their own hands the work of making their subject agreeable to the

general reader. They have shown that the task is perfectly compatible with their deeper knowledge. In pure science no writer did this better than the late Henri Fabre, whose exquisite books on natural history are the last word in this form. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just added to their lengthening and ever-welcome series of Fabre's works, "THE LIFE OF THE SCORPION" (8s. 6d.), translated by the late Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall. The association of another name means, we fear, that we shall see no more of Mr. de Mattos's translations.

Once upon a time, Fabre tells us, on his excursions, he used to leave the Scorpions behind, not without a secret feeling that a day would come when he would have to concern himself with them. "Fifty years have elapsed and that day has come," he says in his first chapter. It was a long wait, but worth while, for the ripest powers of genius went to the making of this account of the Scorpion, "an uncommunicative creature, secret in his practices and disagreeable to deal with," but to read about, when Fabre is the writer, how entirely agreeable!



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING INSTALLED AS RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE PRIME MINISTER, PRINCIPAL IRVINE, EARL HAIG, MR. KIPLING, AND PROFESSOR GALLOWAY.

Mr. Kipling was installed as Rector of the University of St. Andrews on October 10. Taking his text from Robert Burns, he delivered his Presidential address on "the glorious privilege of being independent." Earl Haig, as Chancellor of the University, presided, and the recipients of honorary degrees included Mr. Baldwin (the Prime Minister), who is a cousin of Mr. Kipling, Lord Clyde, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Sir John Bland-Sutton. Professor J. C. Irvine, F.R.S., is Principal of the University; and Professor George Galloway, D.D., is Principal and Professor of Theology at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.—[Photograph by C.N.]

side of his work. It is delightful to renew acquaintance with two very old friends in a new dress, Kingsley's "THE HEROES" and "THE WATER BABIES" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. each). To these fairy tales many of us owe a permanent debt of gratitude, and it is good to see that they still pass current. Seldom has social tract been disguised more cunningly than in "The Water Babies," and, although the chimney-sweep scandal is now with the dodo, the book can never get out of date.

"The Heroes" raises another issue, the vexed question of the Ancient Classics, but the reappearance of this exquisite collection of Greek Fairy Tales, written for Kingsley's children, gives one hope that the rumoured new Renaissance may be nearer than we imagine. In a roundabout way I owed my first acquaintance with the book either to John Stuart Blackie or to Principal Sir William Geddes, I cannot now be sure which. At the first Social Science Congress held in a Northern University city about a thousand years ago, either Blackie or Geddes recommended that "the Greek grammar should be sweetened with Kingsley's Greek Heroes." A kind

THE DERBY WINNER'S TEST RACE IN AMERICA: PAPYRUS v. ZEV.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. (SUPPLIED BY C.N.), PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TOPICAL.



OUT FOR A MORNING'S EXERCISE AT BELMONT PARK: PAPYRUS (ON THE RIGHT), PRECEDED BY BAR GOLD, HIS STABLE COMPANION, WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC WITH HIM IN THE "AQUITANIA."



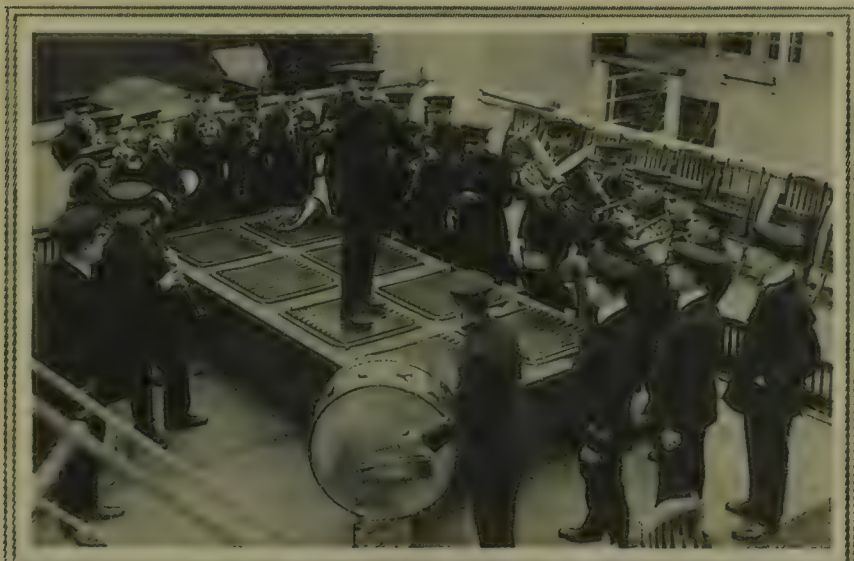
THE DERBY WINNER PITTED AGAINST ZEV IN AMERICA: MR. B. IRISH'S PAPYRUS.



THE AMERICAN THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT CHOSEN TO MEET PAPYRUS: MR. HARRY SINCLAIR'S ZEV (SANDE UP).



THE FAMOUS JOCKEY SENT TO AMERICA TO RIDE PAPYRUS AGAINST ZEV: STEVE DONOGHUE ABOARD THE "OLYMPIC" AT SOUTHAMPTON, WITH HIS CHILDREN, KATHLEEN, STEVE, AND PAT, SEEING HIM OFF.



INVITED TO PLAY AT BELMONT PARK ON THE DAY OF THE PAPYRUS v. ZEV RACE: THE "AQUITANIA'S" VOLUNTEER BAND PRACTISING ON BOARD.



CHARGED WITH THE ANXIOUS TASK OF GETTING PAPYRUS INTO CONDITION FOR THE RACE: MR. BASIL JARVIS, THE TRAINER, WHO TOOK HIM OVER.

The race between Mr. B. Irish's Papyrus, this year's Derby winner, and Mr. Harry Sinclair's Zev, chosen as the best American three-year-old colt, was arranged to take place at Belmont Park on Saturday, October 20. The event aroused an extraordinary amount of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Some feared that Papyrus might not have time to recover from the voyage, and might be affected by the difference of climate and by the hard dirt track on which he had to run. It was reported on October 11 that he had developed a slight lameness in the right fore-leg after a gallop, but that Mr. Basil Jarvis, his trainer, while somewhat

anxious, hoped that the injury would be overcome long before the race. The next day it was stated that the horse was in excellent fettle, with no signs of stiffness or soreness. Steve Donoghue, the jockey who rode Papyrus in the Derby, was also selected to ride him in America, and sailed from Southampton in the "Olympic" on October 10. He was presented with a horse-shoe of white heather by a little boy on behalf of the White Star Line, and handed it to his daughter, Kathleen. His sons, Steve and Pat, were also at Southampton to see their father off.

ART AS A LINK IN THE INVISIBLE CHAIN THAT BINDS THE BRITISH EMPIRE TOGETHER: AUSTRALIAN PAINTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

"MILSON'S POINT, SYDNEY." BY D. E. MINNS.



"FROM BERRY'S BAY, SYDNEY."



BY C. E. S. TINDALL.



"A SPRING MORNING." BY CHARLES WHEELER.



"COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE." BY AMBROSE PATTERSON.



"A TEAM OF BAYS." BY H. S. POWER.



"THE WILLOW TREE." BY HANS HEYSEN.



"TOILERS." BY HANS HEYSEN.



"SNOW AT SASSEFRAS." BY E. BARLOW.



"SPANISH LADIES." (A DRY POINT) BY LIONEL LINDSAY.

THE Exhibition of Australian Art at Burlington House had for one of its aims "to show the British people the land in which we live." The Duke of Connaught, in opening the Exhibition, said: "The pictures were all painted in Australia, and they have been chosen as representative of the best art produced there. . . . This is the first time we have had an opportunity to take a general and vivid view of Australian art achievement as a whole. . . . Nations are bound together not only by community of material interest or by sharing glorious traditions in statecraft, in commerce, and in war, but also by mutual sympathy in the pleasures and activities of the mind."

AUSTRALIA'S UNIQUE LANDSCAPE AS SEEN BY HER OWN PAINTERS: PICTURES

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF AUSTRALIAN ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

WAR AND WORLD WEALTH.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here the monthly series (begun in our issue of July 21) of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ARE we richer or poorer than in 1914?

In theory everyone is agreed in recognising that the wars and revolutions of the last ten years can only have rendered Europe poorer. Millions of men have been cut off in their prime. The rich territories of northern France, southern Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and Asia Minor have been terribly ravaged. Countries which formerly were flourishing, such as Russia, Turkey, Austria, Hungary, Germany, are more or less ruined; all countries alike, conquerors, conquered, or neutral, are encumbered with debts. How can we imagine that so much destruction and such great losses have not affected the total wealth of Europe, and consequently that of the world?

If this assertion, however, is only rarely and feebly contested, it is also true that in the main the world lives as if it had been enriched, for it spends more on its needs, on its passions, and on its caprices than it did in 1914. This fact is incontestable as far as State expenditure is concerned. If one brings back the actual value of coins to the gold standard of 1914, one sees that all the Governments have augmented their Budgets; certain among them have doubled or even trebled them. The people have not failed to follow the example of their Governments. That which gives to nearly all the European nations (even to those who have been most cruelly tried by the war) an air of false prosperity is the fact that the masses have during the past ten years everywhere become accustomed to spend much more on their food, their dress, their pleasures, and their vices, than they did before the war. There is no doubt that everyone wishes to live better than they did in 1914, and that, if not all, still a large number of people succeed more or less in doing so. To convince oneself of this fact it is only necessary to observe how the workmen and peasants dress themselves, and to count the number of butchers' shops in the villages.

Less riches, greater expenditure. The contradiction would appear to be evident. How can we explain it? In order to do so we must study one of the most obscure historical questions—that of the effect of wars on the well-being of nations. If the theory that a victorious war always engenders prosperity is too optimistic, the opposite theory that war always ruins everyone, conquered and victorious alike, is too simple. We find ourselves here in the presence of one of those complications of life which do not reveal their secrets in connection with those little wars that were so numerous and so frequent, but only in the case of very great wars, which are happily very rare.

The contradiction with which the world has found itself daily confronted for the last four or five years is not calculated to surprise a historian of the ancient days. Twenty-five years ago, when I began my researches in the crises of the Roman Republic, I was deeply embarrassed by this question. On one side a thousand direct and indirect proofs demonstrated that the almost uninterrupted wars and revolutions by which the Mediterranean basin was ravaged during the two last centuries of the Republic had destroyed immense riches. But numerous direct and indirect

proofs forced me to admit at the same time that luxury had continually increased during those two centuries, especially in Italy, despite the fact that during the space of seventy years four civil wars had raged, which were as disastrous in their effects as invasions.

For a long time I was tormented by this contradiction, until one day I thought I had found the explanation in what may be called the mobilisation of capital in its most concrete form—i.e., precious metals—which was caused by the wars and revolutions of that century. In the ancient world, rich men's palaces, royal courts, and the temples were veritable reservoirs of gold and silver. Peace immobilised in them enormous quantities of the precious metals in the form of *objets d'art* and specie, either as a sterile hoard which was an aim in itself, or as a vain show destined to enhance the display of riches, power, and the divinity. Rome partly paid the expenses of her conquests with the precious metals of these hoards.

and pleasures; and their purchases kept up the prices, especially of articles of luxury. These high prices, if they reduced to poverty those who did not succeed in profiting by these injections of gold and silver into the currency, sustained the courage of the agriculturists, the artisans, and the merchants, who found in them their compensation for the losses which wars and revolutions had inflicted on them. In this way luxury was able to increase, and luxury-producing industries flourished, even in the midst of devastation and pillage. Without this mobilisation of the stagnant capital of the courts and temples, the conquests of the last centuries of the Roman Republic would be inexplicable.

Under less violent and obvious forms this mobilisation of the precious metals is to be found again, with the same effect of inducing an overflow of luxury, in all the great wars of the past; for instance, in that of the French Revolution and the Empire. Those wars cost Europe forty milliards of gold francs; a sum

which, at that time, certainly equalled in value the thousand-odd paper milliards spent in the World War. If Europe was able to sustain such an expenditure without being completely ruined, for several generations, it is because those wars also mobilised immense stagnant riches of gold, silver, precious stones, and lands, of which a part belonged to the Church, a part to the nobles of the different countries, and a part to the little States which disappeared in the turmoil. A class of big and little *nouveaux riches* profited by the enormous wealth thus put in circulation; and their purchases assisted commerce and industry, in the midst of incessant wars. This explains the magnificent prosperity which was enjoyed by the luxury industries under the Empire—that last brilliant display of qualitative civilisation in its death-throes.

It is by this mobilisation of capital that war in the past has been able to destroy great riches, and at the same time increase luxury; to impoverish a part of the population and enrich another part. The qualitative civilisations prior to the French Revolution developed slowly, among a sparse population which augmented capital—that is to say, the result of past work—very gradually; it easily became torpid in the immobility of idle hoarding, and of public or private

display. Driven by the enormous need of money, so urgent in all epochs, war from time to time shook this treasure, woke it, and forced it to circulate again in the form of coin, for the benefit of man. It was one of the most vital of the functions of war.

If the World War in its turn has augmented luxury, while diminishing the sum of riches, is it to be attributed to the same cause; that is to say, to the mobilisation of capital as the result of war? Apparently it is not so. Capital no longer needs to be awakened by the roar of cannon, for it no longer sleeps. The novelty which characterises our epoch is just the perpetual mobility achieved by capital. During the last century gold and silver have learnt to circulate indefatigably, either in kind or represented by bank notes; the rôle they play in the world is hardly more than that of agents and symbols of human work. If in old days riches seemed to aspire to a stability which rendered exchanges slow and difficult, all riches, including immovable ones, have become to-day easily marketable from one end of the world to the other.

The World War did not, therefore, find—like the great wars of the past—treasures idly sleeping which

(Continued on Page 716.)



WHEN ROMAN GOVERNORS AFFECTED ORIENTAL LUXURY: "THE ENTRY OF THE CONSUL"—A NEW ADDITION TO MR. WILLIAM WALCOT'S VIVID STUDIES IN THE SPLENDOURS OF ANTIQUITY.

Mr. William Walcot, who has a studio at the British School in Rome, is an artist who has devoted himself to reconstructing, pictorially, the life and movement of antiquity in relation to its most splendid buildings. We reproduced in our issues of April 14 and 21 examples of his work from his exhibition last spring at the Royal Institute of British Architects, including the Coliseum, Baths of Caracalla, and temples at Babylon, Baalbek, and Ephesus. Mr. Walcot's pictures are published as plates by Mr. H. C. Dickinson, of 9, Great Pulteney Street. This new etching represents the capital of an eastern province of the Roman Empire in the time of Trajan. The architecture was suggested by the ruins of Pinjad, in North Africa.

From the Etching by William Walcot. By Courtesy of the Artist and the Publisher, Mr. H. C. Dickinson. (Artist's Copyright Reserved.)

Little by little she scattered them in all the countries adjoining the Mediterranean, thus putting into circulation, transformed into coin, the gold and silver which they had contained. The last of these treasures of which Rome took possession was that of the Ptolemies, when Octavian, after the death of Antony, found an immense collection of precious objects in the royal palace. It is probable that the *chefs d'œuvre* of the art of the antique jewellers were there. The melting-pot, however, devoured everything. The Ptolemies' treasure furnished Octavian with the initial funds which he needed to restore and reconstruct what we should call to-day the aristocratic Republic which had been half demolished by successive revolutions.

I have explained at length in "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," the curious mechanism of that somewhat violent system of finance. The mass of gold and silver which was thus transformed into coin and brought into circulation went to augment the means of acquisition of a great number of people whose desires were excited by the possibility of satisfying them. The *nouveaux riches* of that period—whether they were simple soldiers or financiers, were ready to spend their money in their turn on luxuries

LORD RIPON'S GIFT TO THE NATION: A TWELFTH CENTURY ABBEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO. CO. (SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL) AND PHOTOCHROM CO.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY FROM THE AIR: A NOVEL ASPECT OF THE BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS, WHOSE RUINED CONDITION IS NOT ALWAYS APPARENT ON THE GROUND AT A LITTLE DISTANCE.



FOUNDED IN 1132 AND BUILT BETWEEN 1204 AND 1247—THE TOWER ABOUT 1500: FOUNTAINS ABBEY AT STUDLEY ROYAL, BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY THE LATE MARQUESS OF RIPON.

It was reported on October 12 that the late Marquess of Ripon, who died suddenly while out shooting on his Studley Royal estate in Yorkshire some weeks ago, had bequeathed to the nation the famous ruins of Fountains Abbey, one of the most beautiful examples of monastic architecture in England. The abbey was founded in 1132 by a group of monks from St. Mary's at York who wished to change to the Cistercian Order from that of St. Benedict. The greater part of the existing buildings was erected between 1204 and 1247, but the tower dates from about 1500.

The abbey comprises a nave, transepts, choir, and the great cloister, a magnificent vaulted chamber some 300 ft. long. When viewed from a little distance, the abbey ruins appear to be perfect, except for the loss of the roofs. Their general condition is well brought out in the above air photograph. It may be recalled that the Queen recently visited Fountains Abbey when she was staying with Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles at Goldsborough Hall during the summer, and was greatly interested in all that she saw there.

UNITERS OF THE EMPIRE: THREE GREAT DOMINION LEADERS.

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. MASSEY REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE CHENIL GALLERIES. PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL SMUTS BY VANDYK.
PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. MACKENZIE KING BY CHAMPLAIN STUDIOS.

IN his speech at the Guildhall, on receiving the Freedom of the City on October 12, Mr. Mackenzie King said: "The oak, as the emblem of British strength, has been symbolic in many ways. The kernel of the oak lies in the acorn; it is there that the power of its growth and endurance and expansion is to be found. It is that kernel, transplanted in a thousand and one different ways, which has served to bring to the outlying British Dominions much of the freedom they enjoy to-day.

... The Spanish, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, all possessed their colonies in the New World ere the expansion of England had begun. They carried with them, these brave and seafaring peoples, worthy traditions of discovery and adventure, of missionary effort and of trade, but these were not enough. They could not bring what they themselves had yet to find—the secret of loyalty and contentment overseas, the right and the capacity of a people to govern themselves.

... 'Union, confidence, and peace to the whole Empire'—such is the object of the Conferences which have brought together from beneath the Southern Cross and the North Star the representatives of India and of the self-governing Dominions to meet in London—the Prime Minister and other Ministers of the United Kingdom in conference upon matters of supreme interest and importance."



MR. W. F. MASSEY, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND.

SPEAKING at the opening meeting of the Imperial Conference, General Smuts said: "Our Commonwealth is still there; it has stood many a storm; it has laid down many a great precedent in the history of the world; and the present situation in Europe more than any previous one calls for a great united effort on its part. . . . Our Commonwealth is a very great and powerful one.

The British Empire can exert a force such as probably no other agency on earth to-day to pull the world together, and I am anxious, so far as it can be done with good will and firmness, that whatever influence there is in this Empire, this greatest machine on earth, should be used to the full in order to assist the settlement of Europe. . . . Without any revolutionary departure from the settled fiscal policy of this country, I think a great deal can be done to foster inter-Empire trade, and I hope that this Conference will register a very great advance in that direction. But it will naturally take many years before the British Empire could take the place of Europe in your trade. In the meantime, you will have to carry all your burdens; you have to carry the present internal burdens and also to carry the weight of this intolerable external debt. It is clear to me you will not be able to do it unless peaceful conditions are restored in Europe."



GENERAL J. C. SMUTS, PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.



MR. W. L. MACKENZIE KING, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

Interviewed on his arrival by the "Times," Mr. Massey said: "The question has been raised whether the Prime Ministers should attend the sittings of the Economic Conference as well as those of the Imperial Conference. For myself I may say that I think I ought to attend them, and I shall attend them. . . . We realise the truth of the saying: 'United we stand, divided we fall,' and I hope that when the Dominion representatives return to their respective countries we shall be able to report that the Empire has been more thoroughly and securely united, in everything that matters, than it has ever been, and that effective progress has

been made in all the important matters which we have come to England to consider. I prefer not to discuss matters of defence at the moment. But you may say that I am strongly in favour of the establishment of the Singapore naval base. I think that it is necessary not only for the defence of Australia, New Zealand, and the Colonies in the Pacific Islands, but to the whole defence system of the Empire. To those who live in the Southern Pacific the question of Naval defence is a vital one. The whole story of what happened around our coasts has never been told."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE YOUNGEST DOMINION PREMIER: A "METEOR" FROM AUSTRALIA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



NOT AN "ANZAC," BUT AN OFFICER IN THE HOME ARMY DURING THE WAR; AN OLD CAMBRIDGE ROWING BLUE: MR. STANLEY MELBOURNE BRUCE, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, IN LONDON FOR THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

Mr. Stanley Bruce had an even more meteoric rise to political leadership than Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It was only five years ago (in May 1918) that Mr. Bruce was first elected to the Australian House of Representatives, and it was only two years ago that he became prominent, as Australian delegate to the 1921 League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, a lucky appointment which he received by wireless while on a voyage to Europe. He returned to Australia a made man, and presently succeeded Sir Joseph Cook as Commonwealth Treasurer. He became Prime Minister last February, on the resignation of Mr. W. M. Hughes. Mr. Bruce, who is only 39, was educated at Melbourne Grammar School (where he was

nicknamed "Janey") and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. In 1904 he rowed against Oxford, and in 1911 came over to coach the Cambridge boat. Meantime he had become a partner in Messrs. Paterson, Laing and Bruce, of Melbourne, one of the largest Australian importing firms. Being in England when the war began, he got a commission in the Royal Fusiliers, served three years on the Western Front, winning the M.C. and Croix de Guerre, was twice wounded—the second time very severely—and invalided out in 1917. His marriage is said to have taken place "secretly and romantically," in Kensington. On Oct. 12, with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Mackenzie King (Premier of Canada), he received the Freedom of the City.



SET A THIEF—



XII. MAYO'S LAST CASE.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

FOR the first time since he had turned from a life of crime to become a revivalist preacher, Mr. Albert Mayo felt inclined to take a holiday. He felt he deserved it. At first he had found his self-appointed task a hard one. Many people had jeered at him. Still more had thought him a hypocrite. Then a few earnest philanthropists had begun to take an interest in him. His influence grew. A stroke of luck made him master of money enough to buy the lease of the chapel in which he preached and established his work on a sound foundation. On the day that the purchase was concluded the sun was shining. Street hawkers were selling spring flowers. He knew that within a few miles of his dingy London lodgings the cuckoos were calling. He decided to put some money into his pocket and take the first train to the suburbs.

It was curious that he chose to go to the suburbs instead of into the open country. The fact was that he had a fancy to revisit the scenes of some of his former crimes. He looked back on the past with mingled feelings. There was shame for the sin he had committed, but apart from that there was, deep down in his heart, a craving for the excitement of a burglar's life. There had been the elaborate preliminary campaign; the crafty disguise in which he cautiously questioned nursemaids, chauffeurs, postmen, shopkeepers, and even policemen as to the habits of the wealthy inhabitants of the district he proposed to attack; the tense waiting for a favourable opportunity; the swift action when the opportunity came; the breathless work with jemmy and drill; the catch at the heart when a board creaked or a dog barked; the triumph of the successful escape. There had been much that was fascinating about the old unregenerate life, and instinct led Mr. Mayo back to the scene of his reprobate exploits to fight his campaigns anew in memory.

At Victoria Station he met a former enemy and later friend. Detective Simmonds had had a hand in the capture of Mayo the burglar, and had afterwards been one of the staunchest champions of Mayo the revivalist preacher. And the ex-burglar had rewarded the detective's kindness by helping him, in an unofficial way, to investigate the Mallard Diamond Case, the Carlton Theatre Mystery, and other difficult problems.

"Hullo, Mayo!" said the detective. "Off for a holiday?"

"I thought I'd take a run down to somewhere where the chestnuts are in flower."

"I'm going down to Carshot. There was a burglary there last night. Not an important one, but it has a few rum problems, by what I hear. Do you care to come along and see what you make of them?"

Mayo hesitated.

"I've been thinking that I've got to give up taking a hand in your cases," he said. "I sometimes have too much of a fellow-feeling for the criminal."

"You won't in this case, by all accounts. Wanton damage and brutal assault on top of burglary, I hear. You'd better come."

"I don't mind, then," assented Mayo. "So long as I see a bit of greenery. That's what I'm after to-day."

They found Carshot railway station to be one of those that has two bursts of frenzied activity during the day—in the morning when the residents entrain for their daily work in the city, and in the evening when they return—and goes fast asleep in between. The station porter, arguing with the station master about a lost milk-can, was too busy to collect their tickets or tell them in which direction to find Nut Tree Hall, but an elderly clergyman, exchanging a library book at the station bookstall, volunteered to be their guide.

"You gentlemen are detectives, I suppose?" he said as they breasted the hill.

"I don't mind admitting it," answered Simmonds.

"Then I sincerely hope that you will catch the

burglar. It was a most abominable crime. Mr. Philemon is an old man, and I'm told the burglar half killed him. Not only that, he turned the Shetland ponies loose into the garden and ruined the tulips. They would certainly have won a prize at our local show. The whole thing was detestable—absolutely detestable!"

"It sounds as if revenge had something to do with it," commented Mayo.

"Revenge! Quite impossible. Though Mr. Philemon is not a member of my congregation, he is a man for whom I, and everyone who knows him, have the highest respect. He is a patron of the Working Men's Club, and gives largely to charity; why, as a typical example of his generosity, I may tell you that he keeps the Cottage Hospital supplied with milk."

"Cattle-breeder?" asked Simmonds.

"You don't mean to tell me that you don't know that Mr. Philemon's milk and butter take first prize almost every year at the All-England Amateur Dairy Farmers' Show? Or that he has one of the finest collections of Oriental pottery in England? I should have supposed that everyone had heard of Mr. Philemon for either of these reasons. Dear me, now! I must think what else I can tell you about him. He is a naturalised British subject, but was born in one of the Balkan States, and—let me see—I've told you about the tulips—"

"Business man?" asked Simmonds.

"Almost retired. He only goes up to the City two or three days a week. He is a financier of some kind, I believe, but he never talks about his business. He says that it is bad enough to be plagued with it when he is in London. He is at heart too much a lover of the country. A kind, generous, simple, unaffected gentleman, and I most sincerely hope you will lay the burglar by the heels. Now here I must leave you. That is his house on the crest of the hill."

The two men approached the house through a miniature park. The Shetland ponies that had ruined the tulips galloped up to them, snorted, flourished their heels and scampered off again. Jersey cattle were lying under the shade of a stately oak. A pair of black swans swam in a miniature, reed-fringed lake.

"Quite a simple sort of place," commented Simmonds. "But I bet it takes a lot of money to keep up. What do you make of the business so far?"

"Some gardener or stableman that the old boy sacked trying to get a bit of his own back. Took it into his head all of a sudden to try his hand at burglary—burglars don't waste their time chasing Shetland ponies as a rule. Got caught in the act by the old boy, and hit him in self-defence."

"And do you know what I think it is? It's some of the Steblitski gang's doings. This Philemon is a Greek or a Bulgarian, or something. He's a financier too. He had probably been lending money or doing something for some political gang that Steblitski has his knife into. If so, it wasn't money they were after, or revenge either—or they wouldn't have let him off so lightly. It was confidential documents most likely. Whether they got 'em or whether they didn't, old Philemon wouldn't say anything about it—not to us, at any rate—but he'd naturally bring a charge of burglary in the hopes of getting his man caught. And I'll tell you why I think it's the Steblitski gang. They always do something there doesn't seem any sense in, just to put us on a false scent; such as kidnapping a baby and leaving him at a railway station fifty miles away. I've even known them lay a trail of pig's blood all the way down a carriage drive to make us think murder had been done. But it's secret papers they are after every time. All the rest is eyewash."

The house did not look like the sort of place that a man involved in international intrigue would live in. Clematis, jasmine, wistaria, and climbing roses almost hid the walls. A glass-roofed verandah

running the full length of the south side, on to which, on both sides of the front door, large French windows opened, was gay with geraniums. One of the French windows was broken.

"Clumsy customer, your secret society ruffian," commented Mayo, pointing to it. "I'll stick to the sacked-gardener theory for the present."

They were received at the door by a stately old lady in black silk, who, after informing them that she was Mr. Philemon's housekeeper, led them into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Philemon is much too shaken to see you," she said. "I have had to paint arnica all over his face, and his lips are so swollen that it was as much as I could do to persuade him to swallow a little gruel. The poor dear gentleman—"

The detective interrupted a flow of irrelevant talk that seemed likely to become a flood.

"Let's hear exactly what happened, so far as you know," he asked.

"The dawn was breaking," said the housekeeper, in superbly dramatic tones, "when I was awakened by the crash of breaking glass. I rapped on the walls of the cook's room, which is next to mine, and told her to go immediately and call Jenkins. He is the chauffeur, and sleeps in a room above the garage at the back of the house. While I was putting on some clothes I heard Mr. Philemon, whose room is immediately below mine, going downstairs. I called to him over the banisters and urged him not to endanger his life, but he took no notice of me. I heard the sound of a man's voice using the most shocking language—I couldn't demean myself by repeating it—and then a crash—"

"Broken glass again?"

"No. Poor Mr. Philemon falling on the floor. As soon as I heard Jenkins' step in the hall I hurried downstairs and found the poor gentleman in a pool of blood."

"Where from? His throat, chest, or where?"

"His nose."

"Not a very big pool, then."

"A horrible pool!" insisted the housekeeper, with a shudder. "I looked out of the window and saw a man running across the park. I told Jenkins to get the motor-car immediately and chase him. But the thief was so cunning as to climb a wall where the car could not follow him, so Jenkins drove down to the village instead and communicated with the police."

"Have you any idea who the man was?" asked Mayo, seeking support for his own theory.

"I only know that he was here a month ago. Mr. Philemon had been to the City, and walked up from the station because it was a fine day. I was looking out for him, and as soon as I heard him come into the house—he went straight into his study through the French window without passing through the hall—I went to ask if he was ready for his tea. I found him engaged in an altercation with a man. When my master saw me he told me to call Jenkins and tell him to see the man off the premises. Now it's my belief that the man had dogged Mr. Philemon all the way from the City, for the gardener says he saw a man follow Mr. Philemon up the drive to the house, and the butcher's boy told the cook that he had seen a man follow Mr. Philemon out of the railway station. Jenkins is positive that the man who committed the burglary last night was the same man."

"One up for my theory, Mayo," said Simmonds. "What sort of man was he? Did he look at all like a foreigner?"

"He was dressed in an ordinary dark suit such as a working man wears on Sunday. Now I come to think of it, the suit was quite new and a very bad fit, so it may well have been a disguise. He had a big black beard, I remember."

"Ah! Now show us where the burglary was committed."

The housekeeper rose and led the way across the hall to the study. As soon as her back was turned Mayo made a hurried examination of a very ugly representation in earthenware of a Chinese dragon, and

followed her. There was a twinkle in his eye, as if he had made a discovery in which there was an element of humour.

The housekeeper had little to show. Nothing was out of place except the drawers of a writing-desk which had been forced open with some blunt instrument. But she pointed to it with the air of Mark Antony pointing to the corpse of Cæsar.

"The money was taken from the bottom right-hand drawer," she said.

Simmonds looked in the drawer.

"But there is still a good deal of money here," he said.

"Mr. Philemon says that the drawer should contain a hundred and fifty pounds in one pound notes, and eight pounds in silver."

Simmonds counted the money that remained and made a calculation.

"You say there should be a hundred and fifty-eight pounds here," he said, "and there is actually fifty-seven pounds in notes, and seven pounds one shilling in silver." He tapped his teeth thoughtfully with his pencil and stared at the figures. "The notes are in bundles of ten. Now I wonder why the thief left five bundles—and left them intact—and took three notes out of the sixth bundle; and I wonder why he took exactly nineteen shillings and left the rest of the silver. Why, in fact, he took exactly ninety-three pounds nineteen shillings."

"A hundred and fifty pounds is a lot of money for a gentleman to keep about him," commented Mayo.

"Mr. Philemon likes to have a good stock of money always by him," explained the housekeeper. "He is always most generous if the rector or anybody makes demands on his charity, and besides, there were the monthly tradesmen's bills and wages to pay to-morrow."

"Doesn't he pay by cheque?"

"He gave up the practice a year ago, after making a rather curious mistake. After paying the bills on one occasion, they were all returned by the tradesmen because he had signed the wrong name to them. Of course, in the case of a gentleman so well known and respected as Mr. Philemon, it did not really matter—but it might have seemed queer to anyone who did not know him. The mistake upset Mr. Philemon a good deal. He said he was getting old and absent-minded, and ever since he has paid in cash."

"The gentleman has so many names that he doesn't always remember which to use," commented Mayo. "That's one up for your theory, Simmonds."

"That's so," said Simmonds. "Puzzling us about the amount of money he took would be the sort of thing one of the Steblitski gang would think of, too. Now, if we could only find the instrument he forced these drawers with, we might find fingerprints on it and then we should be able to make a start."

With an air of great pride at her own intelligence, the housekeeper took from a cupboard a hedge-cutter's bill-hook.

"I found this lying by the side of the desk," she said, "and I put it aside for you to see."

"Well, the Steblitski crowd might use a clumsy thing like that," said Simmonds doubtfully. "They'll always use something you wouldn't expect them to use. I don't see any blood on it."

"I understand that the burglar hit Mr. Philemon with his fists," said the housekeeper. "But you wouldn't see any blood on it, because I had to have it washed. It bore evidence of having been dropped in the mud of the cattle-yard."

"Had it washed, did you!" said Simmonds, with disgust. "That's torn it! Never you wash anything that a burglar touches. Now, if you will leave us to think things over a bit, I'll trouble you again when I've some more questions to ask."

Mayo listened to the housekeeper's retreating footsteps till he was sure that she was out of earshot, then turned eagerly to the detective.

"I'll tell you something you don't know about this Philemon," he said. "Simple, honest, kind, generous old gentleman—that's the reputation he has down here, isn't it? I know better. He's a low tyke. He's the kind that get poor thieves to do their dirty work for them, and keep out of harm's way themselves. How do I know it? Did you see that thing over the mantelpiece in the next room. It's a very rare and valuable specimen of Oriental pottery, and it was stolen from the Louvre in Paris. Don't tell me he doesn't know it was stolen. A man doesn't buy a valuable thing like that without knowing something of its history."

"But how do you know it was stolen from the Louvre?"

"Because I stole it—that's why. It was the first job ever I did on the cross. Did I never tell you about it? Well, listen. When I was a young man I earned good wages, and like a lot more found they weren't enough for me. I got into a money-lender's clutches—Montague Howard, Chancery House, Fetter Lane. When he'd got me so tight that he could ruin me with a stroke of his pen, he said that a clever young fellow like me could easily get out of debt if I had the pluck. He knew I was smart at my trade—safe-maker's mechanic—for I'd done a bit of straight work for him. And he said he'd pay all my expenses and wipe out my debt if I would go over to Paris and pinch that bit of pottery from the Louvre for him. I did it, and that's what sent me wrong. How Montague Howard came to pass it on to this Philemon I don't know and it doesn't matter, but take my word for it, he must know that it wasn't come by honestly."

"But the money that the burglar pinched was," said Simmonds, "and that's all we've got to worry ourselves about. And the more of a crook he is, the more likely that I'm right about this job being done by one of the Steblitski gang."

"There's one thing you haven't thought of, the burglar wasn't a foreigner. He went for this Philemon with his fists, although he had a bill-hook all handy. That's English fashion all over. A

foreigner uses a knife as a rule, but an Englishman uses his fists by instinct. Why, I've even known a man drop a revolver to use his fists."

"That's so," said Simmonds thoughtfully. "Well, now I'll go and talk to the men about the place and see what I can pick up. Maybe I'll have to come round to your sacked-gardener theory. What'll you do?"

"I'll stay here and think things out a bit."

For a while Mayo sat lost in thought, his chin on his hands, staring out into the sunshine. The cuckoos were calling, but he was too much interested in the case to remember that he had set out for a country holiday. Then, as his speculations seemed to lead nowhere in particular, he rose and walked about the room, looking at the books and ornaments, searching for something that would give him a new train of thought. He found a press-cutting album, and more from idle curiosity than because he hoped it would help him, he opened it and began to read the newspaper cuttings that had been pasted into it. There were announcements of flower and cattle shows; hints on gardening; lists of prize winners. Over these he did not linger. His curiosity was more attracted by cuttings which showed that Mr. Philemon took an interest in the sordid side of life. There were a number of advertisements warning the public that certain husbands would no longer be responsible for their wives' debts. There were several police-court reports of young men and women of good position who had been convicted of swindling. But most of the cuttings were paragraphs recording suits brought by a moneylender against his victims—and the moneylender in each case was none other than Mr. Montague Howard of Chancery House, Fetter Lane.

A less astute person than Albert Mayo would have guessed from these cuttings that Mr. Philemon was leading a double life. At Nut Tree Hall he was a country gentleman, proud of his tulips, his cows, and his collection of Oriental pottery. At Chancery House he was a cold-blooded brute whose revolting trade it was to draw swollen profits from the folly of the spendthrift and the bitter necessities of the poor. No wonder he was afraid to sign cheques in the neighbourhood lest, in absent-mindedness, he should reveal the fact that Philemon, the tame philanthropist, was identical with Montague Howard, the moneylender. Mayo found himself wondering whether Philemon, when looking at his expensive little domain, ever calculated what it cost in human misery.

With renewed interest he read the last cutting in the album, a paragraph taken from a newspaper almost exactly a month before:—

A FARMER'S DEBTS.

MR. JUSTICE DAWBARN ON MONEYLENDERS AND THEIR CREDITORS.

Emphatic comments on the folly of reckless borrowing were made by Mr. Justice Dawbarn in an action heard at the Acton County Court yesterday, in which Montague Howard, registered moneylender, of Chancery House, Fetter Lane, sued Thomas Knowles, cowkeeper and dairyman, of Three Wents Farm, Tolhurst, to recover £34 8s. due on a promissory note.

Knowles did not dispute that by the letter of his bond the money was due to Howard, but pleaded that he had been misled and appealed for consideration. Three years ago his wife (since dead) fell ill, and needed expensive treatment. Knowles did not like the idea of sending her for free treatment to an infirmary, but would have done so but for the opportune arrival of a letter from Howard offering to lend him any sum from £10 to £100 on his note of hand alone. Concerned for his wife's comfort, Knowles allowed himself to be tempted, and borrowed the sum of £21. Knowles pleaded that he was too worried to scrutinise carefully the promissory note which he signed, and did not realise, until a year later he offered a payment of £24 3s., that the 15 per cent. interest charged was not per year but per month. The burden of this interest was so heavy that he had never been able to discharge his liability. During the past three years he had paid in all £100. Howard claimed a balance of £34 8s.

Mr. Justice Dawbarn said that the money must be paid. He had to administer the law not as he or Knowles or any other individual person would like to have it, but as it stood on the Statute Books. Howard was a registered moneylender; the promissory note was a lawful document; no counter claim of fraud had been made or could be established. The plea that Knowles was too worried at the time of signing the document to realise how great was the interest he undertook to pay, did not affect the case. Payment must be made within fifteen days.

Knowles: "I shall have to sell my business and break up my home."

Mr. Justice Dawbarn: "If you are such a fool as to put yourself into the hands of a moneylender, you must take the consequences."

"Poor fool!" said Mayo to himself. "Thought he had to pay fifteen per cent. a year and finds himself stuck with fifteen per cent. a month."

Then an idea occurred to him. He took pencil and paper from the writing-desk and made a calculation. Fifteen per cent. a month interest plus the original capital was £134 8s. Fifteen per cent. a year interest plus the original capital was £30 9s. The difference between the two sums was £93 19s., exactly the sum that had been stolen from the drawer.

Mayo pondered. He was on the trail of the thief now. Bit by bit he reconstructed exactly what had happened. After losing his case, Knowles had followed the moneylender home intending to plead for mercy. That accounted for his first visit. After his business had come under the auctioneer's hammer, the wretched man, homeless and desperate, had come again to Nut Tree Hall to do some act of revenge. After doing his best to ruin the garden he had been

suddenly tempted—perhaps on his first visit an accident had shown him where Philemon kept his current cash—to repay himself the amount of which he considered he had been robbed. Philemon had caught him in the act and Knowles had, very naturally, used his fists.

The detective's steps sounded on the verandah outside. Mayo, acting on impulse, closed the album and hid it under a pile of newspapers.

"I've got a new clue," said Simmonds. "Our man is a dairyman."

"How did you find that out?"

"The dairymaid discovered a while back that this morning's milk is tainted. She searched the cows' mangers and found that someone had put wild garlic in them. She tells me that no one who wasn't accustomed to cows would have thought of a trick like that."

"I daresay you're right," said Mayo languidly. "Well, Simmonds, I'm going to leave you to run this show on your own. I'm on a holiday, and I'm not going to spoil it working for a fence, especially the fence that first made me turn cracksman."

Simmonds did not find the album that Mayo had hidden, and it was another clue altogether that led him, two days later at nine in the morning, to Three Wents Farm. He found it just such a country farm as strikes its roots deep into the heart of an English yeoman. In front of a low, thatched, heavily-timbered house was a tiny garden, gay with stocks, wall-flowers and sweet-williams. At one side was a vegetable garden sweet with the scent of bean-flowers. In the orchard gnarled old apple-trees were beginning to show their fruit. But an out-of-date announcement of an auctioneer's sale was plastered on the gatepost and the walls of the barn, and, in the empty farmyard, leaning dejectedly against an empty pigsty, was a black-bearded man, in a new suit of cheap, badly-fitting clothes, whom Simmonds at once guessed to be Knowles himself.

At sight of Simmonds the man dodged behind a haystack. The detective crossed the yard at a brisk pace, passed beyond the farm buildings, and saw him crossing the orchard. He called out, but the man, without looking back, climbed over a stile and disappeared behind a hedge. When Simmonds reached the stile the man was half-way across a pasture, wading recklessly through hay that was almost ripe for mowing. Simmonds broke into a run. The man quickened his pace and dodged into a copse. When the detective reached the copse he saw the man, a clear hundred yards ahead of him, going at a dogged trot across a field of young roots towards the road that led to Tolhurst. By the time that Simmonds had reached the road his man had increased his lead to two hundred yards. Simmonds buttoned his jacket, squared his elbows and gave chase in earnest, reaching the village just in time to see his quarry dodge into the stable yard of the George Inn. A moment later a shabby taxicab drove out of the yard and headed southward along the Brighton road—and on the seat beside the driver sat the man he was chasing.

The George had no other taxicabs for hire, and the only taxicab possessed by the Rose and Crown—the rival inn—was at that moment having a tyre mended. Fully a quarter of an hour was lost before Simmonds, seated beside its driver, took up the chase again; but the driver was confident that he could catch the George car within a dozen miles. He could pick out its tracks, he said, among a hundred. It was a poor car driven by a bad driver, and as for himself, having a police officer for passenger, he could exceed the speed limit with impunity.

All through the timber of Ashdown Forest the road stretched empty in front of them, but at the foot of Handcross Hill they caught sight of the George car a mile ahead of them labouring heavily on its lowest gear up the last steep gradient. At Handcross the cross-roads puzzled them. Many garrulous inhabitants of the village volunteered information as to the direction which the car in front of them had taken, but, as opinion was equally divided between three possible directions, the information was of less value than it might have been. The Rose and Crown driver proved less clever at distinguishing the George car's tracks than he had claimed to be, and it was with no strong conviction of being on the right track that they took the westward road. At Lower Beeding they overtook a Tolhurst farmer driving sheep to Horsham Market, and learned from him that the George car had passed less than five minutes before. At West Grinstead a policeman told them that it had turned south towards Worthing. Crossing the Adur they caught sight of it again, and all across the Weald they chased it, sometimes catching sight of it where the road ran among crops, again losing it in the shade of oaks that had harboured outlaws five hundred years ago.

"We'll catch 'em the other side of Washington," said Simmonds's driver. "The George car will lie down and die if it's asked to climb the Downs."

And at the foot of the Downs they overtook it. It was standing by the side of the road, its driver by its side, filling his pipe as calmly as if there had been no race at all.

"I'm a police officer," shouted Simmonds, as the Rose and Crown car slid to a standstill. "Where's your passenger?"

The George driver pointed to the scarp of the Downs that towered above their heads. Already halfway towards the crest and walking further from the road with each yard he climbed was the man that Simmonds had chased across half a county. He was in full view, for on that naked hillside no bush grows large enough to hide a rabbit. The detective threw his coat, waistcoat, collar, and tie into the Rose and Crown car, tied his braces round his waist to give better play to his shoulders, stuffed his warrant into his hip-pocket, and followed.

When, half-spent and breathless, he reached the top of the Down, the man he was chasing was out of sight. To east, south, and west the tableland stretched

A "PASTEUR INSTITUTE" OF SNAKE-BITE TREATMENT: FARMING SNAKES TO EXTRACT THEIR VENOM AND PREPARE ANTIDOTES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



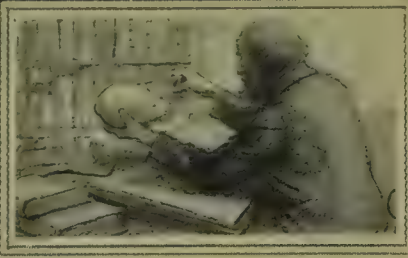
AMONG DEADLY RATTLESNAKES IN A MOATED ENCLOSURE: A STUDENT CATCHING A SPECIMEN, WITH A SPECIAL CROOK, IN A SERPENTARIO OF THE BRAZILIAN SNAKE-FARM AT BUTANTAN, WHERE THE REPTILES CRAWL AT LARGE OR REST IN "BEEHIVE" SHELTERS.

Brazil, like the rest of South America, is infested with poisonous snakes, and before the foundation of the Instituto Serum Therapico (here illustrated) at Butantan, near Sao Paulo, it was estimated that snake-bite caused about 4800 deaths a year and 19,200 accidents. The Institute has over 2000 local agencies in all parts of the country, which send it annually more than 5000 snakes of various kinds for scientific study. Their venom is extracted and analysed, and special curative serum is prepared for each variety, and remitted in tubes to the particular districts from which the snakes came. The work of Dr. Vital Brazil, late Director of Butantan, and his assistants, has been of immense value to agriculturists. "The most interesting sights of the Institute," writes our artist, "are the 'serpentarios' or snake-parks, where snakes live in the open air in practical freedom. The principal snake-park (shown above) is devoted to the

poisonous species. It consists of a collection of what look like giant bee-hives set among cement paths within a walled enclosure, divided into three sections, and surrounded with a deep moat. The section shown is the *Crotalus Terrificus* (or Rattlesnake) division, and a student is selecting a specimen to take to the laboratory for venom-extraction. The crook of bent iron is attached to a wooden broomstick. The method is to approach the snake when uncoiled, or at a distance beyond its length, place the crook beneath its middle, and lift quickly. The snake, once in the air, has no point d'appui to coil on its tail for a spring, and can be inserted into the case ready. In the background is a Professor demonstrating to a party of foreign scientists. In the left foreground is a small alligator crawling out of the water to look for a possible rabbit." On page 706 we illustrate a snake-garden at Port Elizabeth, South Africa.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A PLEA FOR THE PEREGRINE.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE "march of civilisation," of which we are so proud, ever leaves destruction in its wake. Wherever its banner has been carried, we find painful evidence of this disconcerting fact.

Commerce and the sportsman have much to answer for; and the latest victim to be marked down for slaughter is the Peregrine falcon. We are told that this, one of the most precious of our birds, must go. Already dispossessed of most of its fastnesses to please the sportsman, the remnant of the species must be put to the sword for the imagined benefit of the pigeon-fancier. "Imagined" indeed. For these inconsiderates do not even understand their own business; they must be saved from themselves! The homing-pigeon, like every other living creature, must stand or fall, at last, by the ruling of that exacting umpire, "Natural Selection."

This bird, a product of domestication, is quite incapable of the prodigious flights of our migratory birds, such as the swallow or the cuckoo, for example: for it possesses neither their wit nor powers of endurance. It is the descendant of the wild, non-migratory rock-dove, and has been trained to make relatively long flights after the method used in the case of the proverbial donkey, which is induced to move by swinging a bunch of carrots in front of its nose. In other words, it is taken further and further from its home, and induced to find its way back in order to win a feed of corn.

"Selection" starts with the first flight; and only a very few birds survive the tests in the end. Some have no "eye for country," some have no memory. Some lack endurance. The Peregrine is the final arbiter, when all other tests but speed are passed. The feet, bearing their badges of slavery, which are found from time to time in the cyries of this king of the air, tell the tale of those who have failed. If the pigeon-fancier is out to breed "Derby winners," he should welcome the aid of the Peregrine.

Those of us who take larger views are frankly disconcerted by this crusade against the Peregrine, and for many reasons, none of which can be branded as merely "sentimental." Public opinion to-day has set itself to guard our ancient monuments and to save our beauty spots from the ravages of the builder. Many of these ancient buildings are no longer "useful," but it is recognised that it is our bounden duty to save them from further decay and to hand them on to our descendants. Skilled architects could reproduce any one of these old buildings so faithfully that they might deceive even the very

But more than this. These ancient buildings, those vanishing creatures of fur and feather, are not to be guarded against the destroyer merely for the sake of posterity, but also for our own profit and enjoyment. What profit or enjoyment, some may ask, can be derived from the presence of the Peregrine falcon? Would the world be any worse off if this



SHOWING THE STRIKING DIFFERENCE IN COLORATION BETWEEN THE YOUNG AND THE ADULT BIRDS: (LEFT) AN IMMATURE GOS-HAWK, WITH LONGITUDINAL STRIPES ON THE BREAST; (RIGHT) AN ADULT GOS-HAWK, WITH TRANSVERSE BARS.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

bird became as extinct as the Dodo? Most emphatically—Yes!

Men and women are slowly but surely beginning to take a wider and more lively interest in the life that is pulsating around them. They are beginning to see that the more we know of the humbler creatures the more we shall glean of the laws which govern their existence and ours. The more we know of the universe the more able shall we be to govern our own lives. Human progress is not, as some seem to

imagine, to be measured by the splendour of its hotels or the size and prowess of its motor cars.

The very latest type of low-powered aeroplane has been modelled on the flight of the gull. This machine is full of great promise. It may revolutionise our methods of aerial locomotion. Tomorrow, yet greater achievements may be attained by taking the Peregrine as a model. If its amazing swooping powers could be imitated by a machine, it would make all other 'planes yet invented obsolete.

Though we have accumulated much valuable information as to the life history of the Peregrine, we are yet far indeed from having exhausted this theme. The

workers of to-morrow may have other methods and other means of acquiring information. We are, therefore, doubly bound to safeguard the remnant that remains to us of this, the largest of our native falcons—not including, of course, casual visitants,

such as the Greenland falcon, which is a much larger bird. We have no right to take any steps to reduce its numbers unless for the gravest and most urgent reasons; and it cannot for a moment be pretended that these have any existence in fact.

In the space of a short article it would be impossible to give even a summary of what is known of this bird in its native fastnesses. But there are one or two peculiarities which seem to stand out as particularly interesting, and may, therefore, be briefly referred to.

Take the matter of the coloration of the Peregrine. Why is it that the immature bird has the breast longitudinally striped, and the adult barred? The same question may be asked of many other birds of prey, notably the Gos-hawk. In this bird, indeed, the contrast is even more decisively shown, and hence I chose it for illustration here in preference; for, in the adult Peregrine, the upper part of the breast is spotted, rather than barred, while lower down, the bars are heavier. These differences are to be interpreted as signs that the Peregrine is entering upon a new stage of evolution in this regard, which may end in the disappearance of all markings on the under-surface, as in the Greenland falcon. Again, why is the female so decidedly larger than her mate? This disparity in size is a common feature of the diurnal birds of prey; though there are exceptions to the rule, as, for example, in the case of the kestrel, where the sexes in the matter of size are equal.

On a grouse-moor the Peregrine is anathema; since it takes toll of the poults and frightens off the adults. That is, at any rate, the accusation of the gamekeeper, whose outlook on these matters is of the narrowest; for his powers of observation are generally singularly limited. As a matter of fact, the occasional raids of the Peregrine are of real benefit to the moor, since the most weakly birds are the first to fall victims. As a factor in the control of "grouse-disease," the Peregrine would play an important part.

The behaviour of birds on sighting birds of prey is interesting, as it indicates powers of instant discrimination between their different enemies, and an appreciation of the tactics to be pursued to meet the danger, or rather, to avoid it. Ducks, for example, on sighting the Peregrine will await the critical moment and dive, apparently knowing well that flight will not avail them. But should an eagle appear, they at once take to flight, knowing that they can easily escape, whereas on the water they



POISONOUS SNAKES KEPT IN THE OPEN AIR: COBRAS IN A SNAKE-GARDEN AT PORT ELIZABETH, WITH THE SHADOWS OF SPECTATORS LOOKING OVER THE WALL.

The snake-garden at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, is attached to a natural history museum and aviary. "Many varieties of snakes," writes Mr. T. E. Allen, "are bred, but the most common are the African cobra, puff-adder, and python. They are all deadly poisonous, reared under almost natural conditions, and their poison ducts are not extracted. They crawl about free in their spacious enclosure, which is bounded by a wall high enough to prevent their escape. Their keeper, a negro, has worked in the

[Continued opposite.]

elect; but it passes the art of man to restore an exterminated bird or beast to life. How much more, then, should we strive to keep the remnant of our wild creatures for those who come after us? We are too apt to forget this responsibility.



PROTECTED BY LEATHER GAUNTLETS AND PUTTEES: THE NEGRO KEEPER OF THE SNAKE-GARDEN AT PORT ELIZABETH WITH HIS ARMS FULL OF POISONOUS 'PETS.

[Continued.] snake-garden from childhood, and has fostered a friendship with the snakes which is almost supernatural. For a small tip he will enter their enclosure—first donning thick leather gauntlets and wearing puttees—quite oblivious of any danger, and will pick up an armful of his charges with perfect composure." On a double-page in this number we illustrate a Brazilian snake-farm, conducted for the purpose of preparing curative serum for snake-bite.—[Photographs by T. E. Allen.]

would be in danger of being picked up as they rose to the surface after diving. Finally, then, let us pause before we sign the death-warrant of the Peregrine, for no semblance of a case has yet been produced to justify so grave a step.

FROM LOW BROW TO HIGH BROW: FOSSIL SKULLS OF APE AND MAN.

AN EXHIBIT IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT NEW YORK. BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM.



SHOWING GRADUAL GROWTH OF BRAIN: FOSSIL SKULLS AND JAWS COMPARED WITH APES AND MODERN MAN.

On other pages we illustrate a great discovery of prehistoric art of the Magdalenian period, which was relatively "civilised." The skull type of that period is represented above by the Cro-Magnon Man. We may recall too the recent discovery of skulls in rock shelters at Tzitzikama, South Africa, believed to be allied to the Boskop skull. The American exhibit contains replicas of skulls and jaws of early types of man, compared with anthropoid apes and modern man. In the top row (left to right), the skulls are—(1) Anthropoid ape; (2) Pithecanthropus, or Ape-Man of Java; (3) Neanderthal Man; (4) Cro-Magnon Man; (5) Modern Long-Headed Man; (6) Modern Short-Headed Man. The same order applies to the next two

rows, except that modern man is represented by only one type (on the extreme right), instead of by two. The seven jaws in the fourth row are those of—(1) Anthropoid ape; (2) Heidelberg Man; (3) Neanderthal Man; (4) Cro-Magnon Man; (5) Modern Man (Eskimoid type); (6) Modern Man (Negroid); (7) Modern Man (European). They show, among other points, the gradual development of the chin, and the reduction in size of the canine teeth. The skulls in the bottom row are—(1) Pithecanthropus; (2) Neanderthal Man; (3) Cro-Magnon Man; (4) Modern Man (Negroid); (5) Modern Man (European). It is explained that several important fossils are omitted owing to casts not being available.

ART AND RELIGION 15,000 YEARS AGO: A GREAT PREHISTORIC SANCTUARY FOUND.

THIS and the three succeeding pages deal with one of the most important and interesting discoveries of prehistoric remains made in recent years, for the illustration of which we have secured exclusive rights. We shall also publish shortly an account of an even more remarkable "find" on rather similar lines.

The following article is translated and abridged from the French of M. Jean Labadié. In it he describes the amazing discoveries of the Abbé Lemozi, a country curé in the Department of Lot, in Southern France, who is an enthusiastic anthropologist.

"In his presbytery at Cabrerets," writes M. Labadié, "he has formed a veritable museum and laboratory, where in his hands the smallest objects assume an intense interest.

"What can be done with a pointed flint?" he said to me one day. 'Just look at this stone.' A faint outline, at first barely perceptible, resolved itself on closer inspection into a prehistoric design. The subject was a deer, sketched to the life, a veritable 'snapshot' of the animal licking itself, or merely turning its head. (See illustration on page 710.)

"It is the first engraving on pebble found in the Lot," said the Abbé, 'and one of my finest specimens. It comes from the Murat rock-shelter. Besides this deer, I found engravings of horses and reindeer, and implements of all sorts. The profusion of graving tools, and even some traces of baked red earth, convinced me that a whole colony of professional artists had lived there.'

"In another cave, that of St. Eulalie, the Abbé had discovered a lifelike engraving of a reindeer, the animal on which prehistoric man depended largely both for food and clothing. It took him five hours to break off, with light taps of a hammer, the stalagmite encrustation of many thousands of years. Nothing

cave, with the boy acting as scout. First they followed a passage to the right. The roof became lower, and soon they had to crawl. A little further on the priest had a struggle to follow the boy through the ever-narrowing tunnel. Suddenly, however, it expanded, and, after a turning, debouched into a vast hall, with the usual fantastic grandeurs of subterranean rock structure. Calcareous deposits of pure white adorned the roof in gleaming and symmetrical folds, while the walls were garnished with multitudinous shapes like statues, giant mushrooms, brackets, and fountain basins. The floor seemed paved with Parian marble.

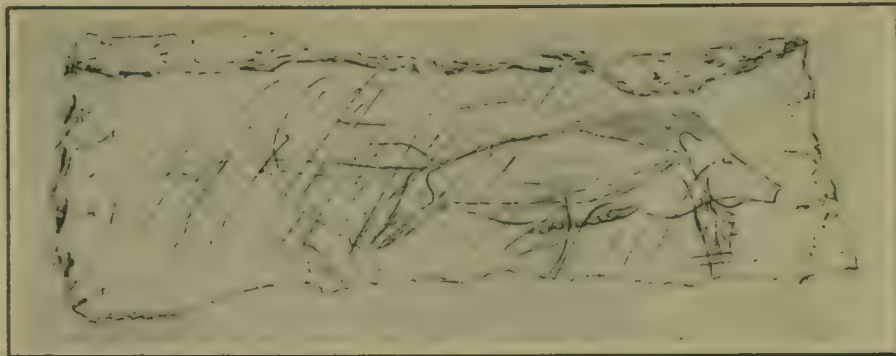
"Another passage leading out of the first cavern to the left led M. Lemozi and his young guide much further. Here, after a few yards, the tunnel was so low that they could only crawl on hands and knees, and finally became a mere fox-hole about two feet in diameter, only to be traversed by stretching at full length. This was the first ordeal. It was fairly short, though impassable to many people even of moderate girth. Immediately afterwards the passage grew larger, and they could walk with lowered heads for about a hundred yards. Then came the second ordeal, a repetition of the first, but aggravated by greater extent. Having eventually squeezed through, they descended for a time over fallen debris and came to a portico of massive pillars forming the entrance to another immense hall, like the white one described above, except that it was slightly tinged with red. This coloration continued—for we are not yet at the end of the adventure.

"A new gallery, long and winding, but of comfortable size and splendidly adorned with stalactites, led at last to the marvel of the place—the two terminal halls. To call them two halls is but a meagre description. In reality, they form a veritable landscape combined with natural architecture, a paradise of beauty to delight the soul of Hubert Robert. A petrified cascade overflows a flight of rounded steps, and a river of rose-coloured marble passes among

amber-hued thickets branching out more intricately than coral. As one advances between the columns, their variety of size and shape is quite bewildering. Some are smooth, others regularly notched like the trunk of a palm-tree freshly lopped. Here is an acanthus capital; here one that overhangs in Romanesque knots. Here is a pillar fit for Notre Dame; there a mere taper, a bar of a cage, a crystal cord stretched from ground to roof, and vibrating at a touch. It was through this marvellous Propylæum that one passed from one hall to the other.

"The next month exploration was renewed. The Abbé and his young scout penetrated into a new tunnel, advancing with prodigious efforts, now scraping away the soil, and now breaking stalagmites with hammers to force a passage. A moment came, however, when this strange pair of pioneers had to pause, for they were almost overcome by asphyxiation. On Monday, Sept. 4, 1922, they returned to the attack more vigorously than ever. They got through, and this

is what they found—an immense gallery about 125 yards long by 12 broad. There was little stalagmite decoration, but on the walls were about forty pictures, engraved or painted in black and red, representing prehistoric animals—mammoth, bison, horses, and fish. Here and there were ten detached silhouettes of human hands in red ochre. The whole of the work was starred with symbols which were not decorative, and must therefore be more or less hieroglyphic. There was no sign of any human hearth or implement. Up to now the Abbé Lemozi has found only one flint



DRAWN BY A MAGDALENIAN ARTIST SOME 15,000 YEARS AGO: THE FIGURE OF AN ANIMAL FOUND IN THE ROCK-SHELTER OF MURAT, NEAR ROCAMADOUR.

graving tool, and on a raised cornice—placed there, consequently, by human hands—a bear's tooth. On the ground were remains of animal bones and—a still more moving sight—traces of footprints in the hardened clay. On the ceiling, at a height of some twenty-three feet, were engraved interlacing designs. How was that done without scaffolding, for those primitive folk had no knowledge of such apparatus? And what light did they work by? I believe that rare examples of prehistoric stone lamps lit with tallow are known to anthropologists. Will some similar object be found here?

"With the great hall of paintings are connected two small 'salons.' One is comparatively large and contains a beautiful engraving of a bear. The other is smaller, and contains engravings, paintings, bones, and fossilised excrement of bear, indicating a prolonged occupation by the animals. What desperate conflicts must have raged in this cavern—fangs against spears! Which remained masters of the field?

"The drawings are not all of the same period. M. Lemozi regards them as a little earlier than the Magdalenian paintings of Eyzies. The Age of the Reindeer is very shadowy, extending over several thousands of years. It is enough to know that it was the first to deserve the title of 'civilised.'

"According to M. Marcellin Boule, the Palæolithic race immediately preceding (that is, the Neanderthal race) could not properly be called 'Homo sapiens.' They were beginning to make things, to fashion axes and javelins, but that was hardly enough to merit the name of 'man.' The reindeer-hunter, on the other hand, and especially the Magdalenian, had his religion, his rites, his sanctuaries, his works of art. It is only



WITH THE HEAD PARTLY COVERED BY STALAGMITES: A PREHISTORIC PAINTING OF A HORSE FOUND IN THE CAVERN OF MARCENAC, ENTERED THROUGH A FOX'S BURROW.

must be left unexplored. A mere fox-hole may lead to treasures, and that was precisely what happened once in the valley of the Sagne (a little tributary of the Célé), where an ordinary hole under a rock on a hillside was found, when cleared, to lead to an important cavern, the Marcenac grotto, about 150 yards long and adorned with paintings. It was closed at the end by fallen rock, but its paintings indicated that it was an entrance hall to one of those sanctuaries where the primitive folk collected their totemic idols and celebrated their religious rites.

"A strange chance was to reveal this particular sanctuary, whose existence had hitherto been purely conjectural.

"A boy of fourteen, named David, who had learnt from the Abbé something of subterranean exploration, having nothing better to do one Thursday in July 1922, resolved to visit on his own account a certain hole in the ground near a clump of oaks on his father's land. The hole was narrow, but the boy was not very big. An initial ascent of six feet brought him to the edge of a passage sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees into the blackness. Provided with a candle, the boy went along the gallery, which grew larger as he advanced. Presently he reached a kind of landing or platform. The roof at this point rose higher and the area increased. Evidently it was the entrance to something bigger still.

"Much excited, young David climbed back to the sunlight and told his father, who sent a message to the Abbé. The latter came at once and entered the



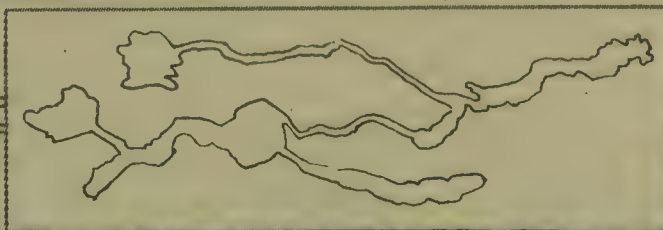
AN ANIMAL THAT FURNISHED PRIMITIVE MAN WITH FOOD AND CLOTHING: A MAGDALENIAN ROCK-DRAWING OF A REINDEER (6 BY 4 IN.) FROM THE CAVE OF ST. EULALIE IN THE CÉLÉ VALLEY.

there that humanity begins. In such places as the Caves of David, therefore, we touch on the true origins of our European race."

FOUND BY AN EXPLORING SCHOOLBOY: A GREAT PREHISTORIC SHRINE.



THE SCENE OF A GREAT DISCOVERY: A COURSE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN LABYRINTH—
(A) THE ENTRANCE USED BY THE EXPLORERS—



DRAWING SHOWING BY DOTTED LINES THE
(A) THE PROBABLE PREHISTORIC ENTRANCE; AND
(BELOW) A GROUND-PLAN OF THE LABYRINTH



IN A REGION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE RICH IN REMAINS OF PREHISTORIC MAN AND HIS ART: A TYPICAL ROCK-SHELTER IN THE VALLEY OF CÉLÉ,
DEPARTMENT OF LOT, BESIDE THE PICTURESQUE ROAD FROM CAHORS TO FIGEAC.

The romantic discovery, by an adventurous French boy, of a great subterranean labyrinth within a hill near the valley of the Sagne, is described in the article on the opposite page. The upper illustration above shows the scene of the discovery, with diagrams of the labyrinth, which afforded evidence of having been used as a sanctuary by prehistoric men of the Magdalenian period. The origin of this and other anthropological names is thus explained by M. Jean Labadié. "In 1864," he writes, "the founder of pre-history, Edouard Lartet, discovered in the Cave of the Magdalen the first engraving on ivory of the Reindeer Age, the later period of which consequently received the charming name, Magdalenian. The neighbouring

rock-shelter of Cro-Magnon yielded the skeleton type of these primitive reindeer hunters, whose descendants some anthropologists think may be found among the peasants of the Department of Lot to this day—not to speak of the Basques, their supposed brethren. A race still living, and at least 15,000 years old! In the same region the rock-shelter of Moustier (the origin of the term Mousterian) revealed rudimentary implements of a still earlier race, probably extinct. So rich in prehistoric relics is this single corner of France that the whole valley, presenting similar conditions of life, may contain similar treasures, and form, as it were, a suburb of the Magdalénian city."

BY A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL ARTIST: ROCK-DRAWINGS 15,000 YEARS OLD.



ANIMALS FAMILIAR TO PREHISTORIC MAN IN FRANCE AS DRAWN BY A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST SOME 15,000 YEARS AGO: MAMMOTHS, HORSES AND CATTLE—A ROCK-DRAWING (ABOUT 10 FT. BY 16 FT.) ON THE WALL OF A SUBTERRANEAN GALLERY IN THE CAVERNS OF CABRERETS.



THE FIRST PREHISTORIC PEBBLE ENGRAVING FOUND IN THE LOT: A DEER TURNING ITS HEAD, FROM THE ROCK-SHELTER OF MURAT, IN THE ALZOU VALLEY.



A PREHISTORIC "PAPYRUS": A SMALL ENGRAVING OF A HORSE, ON BONE, FOUND IN THE ROCK-SHELTER OF MURAT.



SHOWN IN ITS ACTUAL SIZE: A SMALL ENGRAVING OF A HORSE, ON BONE, FOUND IN THE ROCK-SHELTER OF MURAT.

Animals bulked largely in the outlook of prehistoric man, some as dangerous enemies, such as the mammoth or the bear, some as a source of food and clothing. Naturally, therefore, they form the chief subjects of prehistoric art. In his article (abridged on page 708), M. Jean Labadié describes how the above drawing of a deer with averted head was shown him by the Abbé Lemozi, the local antiquary who made the remarkable discoveries illustrated in this number. "It was a large piece of limestone with a smoothed surface. On it was a faint tracing, which gradually became apparent to the eye. It was a deer, vividly drawn, a 'snapshot' of the animal licking itself or simply turning its head. 'It is the first

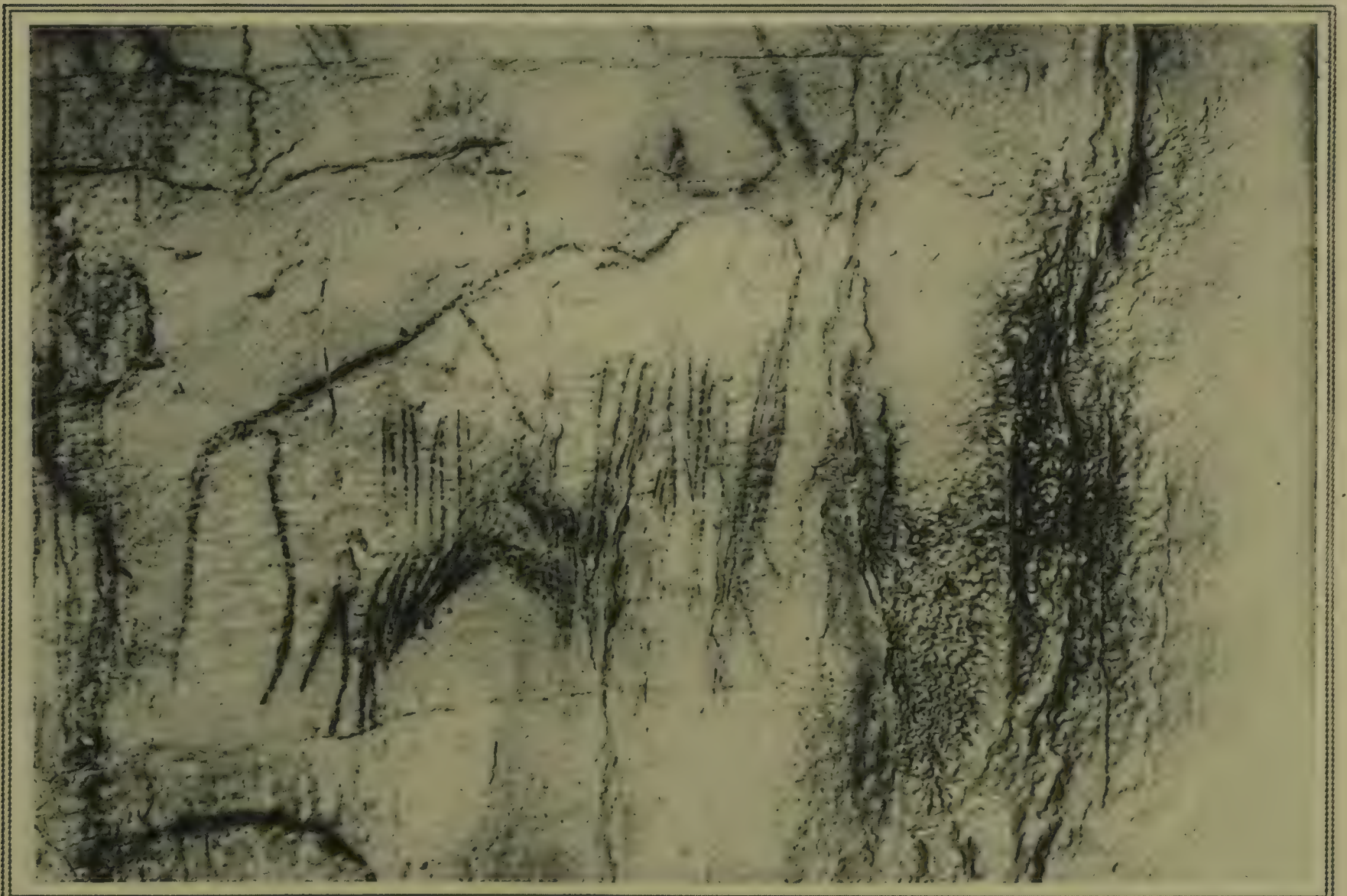
engraving on pebble,' said the Abbé, 'found in the Lot, and one of my finest specimens. It comes from a veritable studio of Magdalenian artists which I discovered near Rocamadour, in the valley of the Alzou, and now known to anthropologists as the rock-shelter of Murat.' The Abbé went on to describe how he made the discovery. One day he noticed a hole in the side of a hill, and on digging about with his pocket-knife he found several flints. The next day he returned properly equipped, and on the third day he found a number of rock-drawings and prehistoric engraving tools, which convinced him that this rock-shelter had been the home of a whole family of artists.

PAINTED WHEN THE MAMMOTH ROAMED FRANCE: PREHISTORIC ART.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN LABAUDY.



FOUND ON THE WALLS OF A SUBTERRANEAN "TEMPLE" DISUSED FOR 12,000 YEARS: ROCK-PAINTINGS, IN BLACK AND OCHRE, OF HOODED HORSES, A PIKE, VOTIVE HANDS, AND MYSTERIOUS SYMBOLS, PROBABLY HIEROGLYPHICS OF A PREHISTORIC RELIGION.



THE MAMMOTH AS DEPICTED BY A HUMAN CONTEMPORARY IN EUROPE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A REALISTIC ROCK-PAINTING ON A CAVERN WALL IN THE GREAT LABYRINTH OF CABRERETS. ONE OF FORTY SIMILAR EXAMPLES OF PREHISTORIC ART RECENTLY DISCOVERED THERE.

The remarkable prehistoric rock-painting shown in the upper illustration suggests a form of symbolism which may have been a very early stage in the evolution of writing. The great cavern where these paintings were found is described by M. Jean Labadié as "a temple disused for 12,000 years: a vast gallery measuring 100 metres (about 325 ft.) by 10. Few stalagmites, but on the walls some forty prehistoric animals—mammoth, bison, horses, fish—were painted in red and black, or engraved. Here and there were ten or so hands silhouetted in red ochre. The whole work was started with symbols that were not decorative, and were therefore more or less hieroglyphics." Of the upper example on this page we

read: "This painting is in two colours—ochre and black. The ochre is used only for the hands, the mysterious hook-shaped signs (which some take to be the symbolic hieroglyph for a horse), and certain 'eyes,' arranged as constellations. Does the disk on the neck of the horse on the right represent the sun or the moon? It is not unlikely that some religious language is concealed in this design." It was found possible to photograph some of the paintings on the cavern walls, and the lower illustration of a mammoth is one of the results. A question of great interest is—how did the prehistoric people illuminate the underground caverns? An article on the discoveries appears on page 708.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

BROADCASTING IN THE THEATRE.—RUSSIAN DANCERS.

THERE are always little wars in the World of the Theatre, and the conflict with "Broadcasting" is one of them. In a very lucid paper delivered to the Gallery First Nighters, Mr. Archibald

For he, as the first official dramatic critic of the British Broadcasting Company, a post of novel interest and portent, sets out convincingly that the theatres allied to broadcasting have much to gain and little to lose. Every sensible person will agree that if an audition in fragment at home deters a hearer from a visit to the play, he is neither a lover of the drama nor one to be considered as a regular playgoer. Wherefore his aloofness means neither plus nor minus to the main question. We can simply assume that, broadcasting or not, he would stay at home. On the other hand, based on the electrophone experience, it is very likely that scenes and melodies heard in the armchair will kindle imagination and the desire to see the whole of the picture. And here Mr. Haddon, happily, instances how broadcasting can but convey a tithe of the charm of such productions as "The Merry Widow," "Catherine," or "The Prisoner of Zenda." For the listener-in, having read the description of beautiful spectacles, will not rest content with the mere hearing. His eyes will hunger while the ear is fed and crave for satisfaction. Besides (again I quote from Mr. Haddon) look at the splendid advertisement for theatre, show, and actors through broadcasting! Why, it means a fortune in return for a morsel—the argument is irrefutable.

Next comes the question of policy and wisdom. It is nonsense to declare, as some short-sighted journalists did to Mr. Haddon, that broadcasting is a mere toy doomed ere long to be relegated to the nursery: We heard it about the telephone, when Philip Reiss of Mayence discovered it by his two little paper drums with a string between, and no one would believe in its possibility and importance; we heard it when Lumière at the Polytechnic showed us the wonders of the cinema; it is ever so, and, with the father of railways, Stephenson, in the end we remained sorry for the stupid "coo." For broadcasting is of immeasurable educational possibilities, and I am again with Mr. Haddon when he says how much more we should enjoy to hear the classics *viva voce* in our chair than by reading; how fascinating it will be to hear great writers speaking their works to us; how informing to listen cosily to savants, inventors, travellers, narrating their experiences! Why, it is like discovering a new world of knowledge. But to revert to policy and wisdom. What will happen if the theatres persist in boycott—fail to see the importance and commercial value of spreading their wares over thousands of miles across land and sea? War would then be carried into the enemy's camp, and ominous would be the outcome. For the B.B.C. is a powerful, growing concern; it commands vast resources; it can command more if needed. What of their creating their own companies for the production of plays and operas? They have done it before on an experimental scale, and we have it on the authority of all concerned that the success was great. Will that not mean a most disastrous competition? For it implies that in the long run the B.B.C. will not remain content with giving performances for the one purpose only. Their very patrons will clamour for something more concrete, and the result will be that the broadcasters will seek to perpetuate their work in ordinary theatres; they will become rivals in the fullest sense of the word; they will be in the running to snatch theatres from the market—for money will be no object—and then *vae victis*!

Mr. Haddon quotes America, on the authority of Mr. Rypinski,

the father of American broadcasting, who says: "The more progressive American theatrical managers are now permitting excerpts from their productions to be broadcast, and are as a consequence experiencing quicker general recognition of the merits of these productions." And when a journalist asked Rypinski if there was any attempt on the part of the entertainment world of America to boycott broadcasting, he replied: "No; the boycott is in bad odour in America."

Oh! these long-headed Yankees! They understand that discretion is the better part of valour (and of the pay-box)! If our managers are not purblind they will follow suit. Wherefore it will be excellent policy to broadcast Mr. Haddon's capital homily.

Mme. Nicolaeva, the great Russian dancer, and Legat, her husband, who was the producer of the late Imperial Russian Opera, made their first public début at the Palladium, and soon became the favourites of great audiences of all sorts and conditions of men. Associated with them is M. Dolin, the English-born dancer of Russian parentage, and a *corps de ballet* of many talented artists. Their work is, perhaps, less flamboyant than that of other Russian Ballet troupes, but it is exquisite and very artistic. Nicolaeva is a great dancer. Her "Poupée," to the charming music of Delibes, is the perfection of the human marionette witched into life. In her every movement she simulates the doll. When we behold her first, seated on a chair, the figure is motionless as a *tableau-vivant*. Then gradually, limb by limb, muscle by muscle, even to the eyelids, animation sets in. At length the lay figure becomes a brilliant *prima ballerina* who runs through the whole range of classic dancing, and on her toes performs wonderful feats of graceful balance. After that, with two other dancers, Nicolaeva, to the music of the Red Sarafan, pictures the troika, with Dolin as the driver. It is a pretty fancy, beautifully executed. In the pacing and prancing of the trio one sees the horses; joyful, frisky, in trot and wild gallop; and Dolin, feather-weight and bounding as if propelled by strings—handles his team in the picturesque *bravura* of a charioteer of old Rome. Nicolaeva, Legat, and Dolin have come to stay, and will rank high among the dancers whom the ill-wind that swept Russia has blown in welcome gusts to our shore.



THE STOLEN POCKET-BOOK EPISODE IN "GOOD LUCK" AT DRURY LANE: (L. TO R.) THE STABLE DOG, LEO SWINBURNE (MR. EDMUND GWENN), AND THE TRAINER, MR. MALONEY (MR. ARTHUR MACK).

To oblige a young earl, who is in the villain's power through an incriminating letter, the good-natured "bookie," Leo Swinburne, abstracts from the villain's coat a pocket-book containing the letter. Unable to replace the pocket-book, he is at his wits' end to dispose of it. He throws it into a stable, but the head stable lad finds it, and a dog brings it back to the embarrassed Swinburne.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

Haddon has ably held the scales. He enumerates the four points of opposition by the managers, namely—

1. That unlimited broadcasting of entertainment favoured by Government assistance constitutes a new form of competition dangerous to their interests.
2. That the more attractive home life is made to theatregoers by such means as broadcast entertainments, the less they will patronise the theatres.
3. That if plays are broadcast in their entirety from the theatres, people will stay at home to hear them in preference to seeing them at the theatres.
4. That players who are in the habit of paying numerous visits to favourite plays are likely to visit them less frequently if they can listen to the plays in their homes.

And examining every one of them, he has proved—successfully, I think—that broadcasting will be an ally of, not an antagonist to, the theatre.

The protest, in a different form, is by no means a novel one. Years ago, when the late Cavaliere H. S. J. Booth, of telephone fame, began to exploit the electrophone, the direct ancestor of broadcasting, some managers were up in arms, and a good many theatres refused to instal the sound-boards, on the plea that play and music "at home" would encourage people to stay in and discourage them from going to the theatre. Practice, however, proved exactly the contrary, particularly in the case of musical comedy. The electrophone, instead of being a competitor, became an "appetiser": people heard the tunes and voices, they were fascinated, and wanted "to see what they had heard"; so they decided to go to the theatre, which most likely they would not have done if the electrophone had not played the part of the Piper of Hamelin. In the long run, the electrophone won the day.

No doubt this will be the case if Mr. Haddon's forecast is realised, by force of reason over prejudice.



THE WRECK SCENE IN "GOOD LUCK" AT DRURY LANE: SIR ANTHONY WAYNE (MR. LANGHORNE BURTON) AND LADY ANGELA VALE (MISS JOYCE CAREY) ON BOARD THE SINKING YACHT.

The wreck of the villain's yacht, after the hero has swum aboard to save the kidnapped heroine, is the great scene in which Drury Lane challenges the realism of the films, with the addition of speech and colour.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



“BLACK & WHITE”

The Reputation of any firm is dependent on its being able to maintain

—————A FINE QUALITY—————

Quality can only be maintained by Age. To ensure Age it is necessary to hold large stocks. Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., and their subsidiary Companies hold the largest stocks of fine old matured Whiskies. Their Policy is to bond considerably in excess of their yearly requirements. This enables them to guarantee the Age of their Brand, keep up their Fine Quality, and ensure their Great Reputation both at Home and Abroad.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



THE Duchess of York will enjoy her travels to Serbia and back, and will have a taste of being a great royalty when she attends the christening of the Heir to the Serbian Throne with the Duke. The Greek Church ceremony is a very elaborate one. The baby is immersed three times. Fresh clothing is placed on the altar while the ceremony is going on and is blessed by the officiating priest, who, after the third immersion, puts on the infant's first little garment, and hands it to the godmother to be dressed completely. It is not etiquette for the mother to be at the baptism: the father is present. The Queen of Roumania, the baby's grandmother, supplied him with a beautiful outfit made in England. It is said that the marriage of Prince Paul of Serbia and Princess Olga of Greece will take place in Belgrade and be attended by the Duke and Duchess of York. Prince Paul is well known to the Duchess of York, having stayed on several occasions at Glamis Castle.

Those of us, and there are a number, who are lugubriously minded and who like to say that England is not what it was, and that British men are decadent do-nothings, should read, mark, and inwardly digest the story of those heroic men rescued from the Redding pit. Not picked men, not trained to believe in heroic traditions more than any other Britons, and yet absolutely splendid in their courage and grand in their simplicity. The way in which one of them said, "No, we didn't sing, but we prayed a lot," is a magnificent sermon.

Great sympathy has gone out to the Duchess of Somerset in the illness of her life comrade, the tall and stalwart Duke. He devoted his time to looking after his estate, and to supporting patriotic and Conservative causes. He came into the Dukedom nearly thirty years ago, and was the doyen of his rank, sitting next to the Duke of York at State Openings of Parliament. He married in 1877, and for forty-six years the Duke and Duchess were rarely separated even for short intervals. The death of his brother some two years back was a great blow to him; he seemed to lose something of his hold on life from that time. He had no children, and his brother, the late Lord

Percy St. Maur, left only daughters, while Lord Ernest left no children. The nearest relative is Brigadier-General Sir Edward Hamilton Seymour, who is married, and has a son who has the

D.S.O. and the O.B.E. The Duke and Duchess have ranches in Canada. He served in the 60th Rifles, and was in the Red River Expedition. The Duchess is a leader in London Society on patriotic and philanthropic lines.

Queen Maud of Norway is here, and will attend the wedding of her niece, god-daughter and namesake, Princess Maud, at which the Queen and Queen Alexandra will also be present. If it be possible, Queen Amélie, who is one of the Princess Royal's oldest and most intimate friends, will attend the ceremony, also King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria. It is therefore possible that five Queens may be in the Guards' Chapel for the event. So far, only Lady May Cambridge

and Lady Mary Carnegie are spoken of as bridesmaids, but it is believed that there will be six or eight, some of them children. Captain the Earl of Galloway, who was a brother officer of Lord Carnegie in the Scots Guards, will be best man. Lord Galloway's brother was killed in the war, and he himself was a prisoner.

Despite the legend of the precious jewel in the head of a toad, many smart and beautiful women now wear valuable ornaments in their hats, feeling secure that between them and the reptile there can be no connection. It would seem that the smaller, closer, and less imposing headgear, the more important the jewelled brooch. Hatpins with real and valuable heads are not so much worn as formerly, because many have been lost, probably extracted in crowds. The double-headed hatpin is more secure, although even these have been cleverly extracted. The badges of regiments and of clans are favourite hat-ornaments, and are fairly well secured, also they are very effective and lend a touch of dignity to a closely fitting, little, or not-at-all trimmed hat. It is a fashion to follow with discretion; overdone, or done without the *cachet* of badge or meaning, it would become merely vulgar ostentation.

Almost everyone who knew him looked upon Lord Winterton as a confirmed bachelor. Not, of course, that he was not a handsome, well-set-up, tall, athletic-looking man and a great favourite, but that he had met and danced and been associated with all the best-looking and most attractive girls of several seasons, and did not seem specially drawn to any of them. He was more taken up with travelling and with studying public affairs of other countries and in our own, than in playing the part of a dancing cavalier. However, he has waited to choose a charming Countess. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme's only daughter, tall, graceful, charming, and pretty, will fill the bill to perfection. Since her entry into society last year she has



Jade green stamped velvet makes this attractive Bridge Coat, sponsored by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

been widely and generally approved by elders, contemporaries, and juniors, and has the genuine good wishes of all.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland stayed long in the north. The Duchess was on the Brora golf course last week. She hits a long, straight ball off the tee; how she plays through the green, however, one doesn't know, as in the north deer may be stalked but not Duchesses, with immunity from conscience-pricking about manners. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland brought Mr. Roger

Wethered over to play one day, and gladly would people have stalked him round had they known; but he is used to be watched and is a man. There were a lovely pair of children at Brora who were a real joy to see: Lady Mary Stewart, aged two and a bit—she is the youngest member of Lord and Lady Londonderry's family—and Miss Elizabeth Millicent Leveson-Gower, about the same age. The former blue-eyed, fair-haired, and deliciously neatly and daintily made; the latter dark-haired, dark-eyed, as fair of complexion as her fair little cousin. They made a picture playing together, did those two; and one could see their respective nurses fairly bristling with pride. Miss Elizabeth Millicent stands at present as heiress-presumptive to the Earldom of Sutherland and the Baroncy of Strathnaver. She is a rarely beautiful child.

There are indications that this is to be a dine-and-play or play-and-supper season. Already theatre managers are rubbing their hands and ordering better cigars. Of course, it will be a dancing season too. That diversion has obtained too great a hold to go out in a flash. Nevertheless, the flash is much less brilliant than it was. The truth is that so large an element of vulgarity, posing, and posturing has entered into the pleasurable exercise of dancing that the best men look upon it, save as it is done at private dances in private houses, somewhat doubtfully for nice women—and the best men dictate a great many things more than are generally laid to their charge. The real old gay dancing, the valse, the galop, the polka—the squares for older people—has never gone out at royal balls, hunt balls, and big dances at private houses. Two- and one-step measures called by many weird names, invented by woolly-headed and wooden-witted negroes, and postured and posed through to quaintly syncopated music, no longer intrigue the really well-bred. The return to the more natural in the dance has begun. It will make progress, albeit slowly.

A. E. L.



This fashionable overblouse of black and white crêpe-de-Chine, with inset sleeves and a becoming hip belt, hails from Debenham and Freebody.



The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series

Did the Landlord Smile?

*The King's Arms Royal Hotel,
Godalming.*

TUDOR architects had a weakness for little flights of steps. There is one leading to the room shown in the drawing. This charming little room, which is practically unchanged since the days of Queen Bess, is associated by tradition with the Queen in a rather amusing way.

Elizabeth, so the story goes, was ascending these steps when she stumbled and fell. Perhaps she may have been troubled by public or private affairs at the time, or perhaps the landlord may have smiled at the haughty Queen's sudden loss of dignity. In any case he suffered, for we are told that she summarily deprived him of his hostelry.

Peter the Great's visit to the King's Arms became notable in a more pleasant way. At dinner, the Czar, with his party of 21, consumed five ribs of beef weighing three stone, one sheep weighing fifty pounds, three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two and a half dozen sack and one dozen claret.

Peter's little bill is now preserved at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. "John Haig" does not figure among the items, but this may be due to an accidental omission on the part of the landlord. "John Haig" was well known in Peter's time. For more than three centuries this superb Scotch Whisky has been a favourite at noteworthy repasts. It is a spirit in keeping with the greatest occasions.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
since 1627



By Appointment

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

WAR AND WORLD WEALTH—(Continued from Page 698.)

needed, to be awakened and utilised in the combat, for Europe had already mobilised in peace time all the capital at her disposal. The World War needed, however, like its predecessors, riches far greater than lay at the disposal of the belligerent countries. What then, did they do? All available capital being already mobilised, they mobilised that hypostasis, or duplicate of capital, called credit. That is the great novelty of the late war, compared with previous great wars. Former wars mobilised the work of the past accumulated in idle treasure; we have mobilised the riches of the future, especially by multiplying paper money.

All the belligerent nations, excepting the United States, were able to make a long and costly effort, thanks to a system of credits, which were based on more or less abundant issues of Treasury notes. These issues were, in fact, like all credit operations, only a mortgage on the future—a means of utilising to-day the expected or supposed riches of to-morrow. This credit operation, repeated in gigantic proportions, ended by creating an enormous fictitious capital side by side with the real capital, and, mingling and blending with it, acted upon European society in the same way as had the treasures pillaged from the temples and courts by the Roman armies during their victories in Italy in old days. Many new riches were created in the midst of the impoverishment of the world; luxury was able to augment, while general wealth diminished.

The engraver's bank-note plate therefore played the same rôle in the World War as the treasures accumulated under divine or state protection had played in the great wars of the past. If the substitute was not a brilliant one, it was at least convenient. The engraver's bank-note plate placed almost unlimited resources at the disposal of all the States for a few years! Are we going to pay for that convenience by unexpected and complicated difficulties unknown to former civilisations? There is ground for believing so, and for the following reason:

In olden days the precious metals torn from the temples and public or private treasuries, and transformed into coins, slowly dribbled back to the temples and treasuries when peace was restored, and there awaited a new shock and a fresh awakening. It was a kind of rotation which was accomplished with almost astronomical regularity. To-day, however, it is impossible to see what will become of that enormous fictitious capital which was created during the war by all the most subtle artifices for obtaining credit,

and this is one of the greatest anxieties of the moment. By blending with the real capital, already sufficiently mobile, it has given it such a giddy mobility that in many countries both seem to have become volatilised. Might not one say, of the monetary crises in Russia, Germany, Poland, Austria and Hungary, that capital has become vaporous? It seems as if capital in its excessive and almost morbid mobility had lost the consciousness of its stability and consistence. Hence the uncertainty which disturbs capital more or less in all countries—that same capital which ten years ago was so proud of its power.

In the days when great wars were waged with the help of the accumulated treasures of generations long since dead, real capital was put into circulation. The treasures of the Ptolemies with which Augustus began to reorganise his Empire were real riches, so far as precious metals can be serviceable to society. It is easy, then, to understand how it was that the great wars, by augmenting riches—or, at all events, a certain form of riches, i.e., gold and silver—could augment luxury. Though the houses were burnt and the fields devastated, the quantity of precious metals at the disposal of commerce and industry increased. But the multiplication of paper money in no way increases the real wealth of the world. How is it, then, that in our time also, public and private expenditure has increased since the war, while the sum of riches has diminished? Can more be consumed when less is produced?

At first it seems very difficult to find an explanation. It is not really so, but a new complication, which ancient nations did not experience, is revealed. There are two different ways in which riches are consumed, according to the object which the consumer has in view. World riches can be consumed in a direct way in order to satisfy the needs, appetites, passions, caprices, and vices of individuals or collective bodies. Or they be consumed in order to produce other goods, that is to say, to augment riches; this is the productive way. If I build a country house for myself, for my pleasure, I am using my riches for direct consumption; if I create a shoe-factory, then I am using my wealth for a productive result.

Europe, and America also to some extent, have not consumed more while producing less during the past four years—that would be an impossibility—but direct consumption has increased to the detriment of productive consumption. Before the war Europe and America consumed a considerable part of what they produced, not to satisfy their own wants, but in order to increase production—to build factories, cultivate land, and exploit mines. To-day the capital available

for increasing production seems to have diminished almost everywhere, which explains why it is so expensive, and a greater proportion of riches is consumed for public and private expenditure, so that States may balance their Budgets and individuals, many of them, if not all, be able to live in a more opulent manner.

Whether this increase of luxury and of public and private expenditure is transitory or whether it will become permanent, it is impossible to say. It can, however, only become permanent on one condition: the world must give up that rapid growth of population and of production which characterised the last half-century before the war. Increase of population, intensive capitalisation, general thrift, proportionately restrained public expenditure, rapid development and production in industry and agriculture, the exploiting of new countries, the perfecting of means of communication—all these things prevailed in the world in which those who were born between 1870 and 1880 grew up. If one link alone of that chain is taken away, the whole chain is broken. A rapid increase of population is not possible if capital in sufficient quantity to feed it is not accumulated; but a great amount of capital cannot be accumulated if public and private expenditure absorbs too large a portion of production.

Supposing that the world will not or cannot return to the relatively modest public expenditure or private standard of living which prevailed before the war? What would be the final consequence of the war on the riches of the world? It would be a somewhat unexpected result. After having mobilised riches till they had lost a part of their consistency, they would become stabilised. We should tend towards an epoch which, far from increasing riches and rapidly developing the resources of the whole world, as Europe and America did until 1914, would on the contrary endeavour to live within the limits of the economic position in which it found itself, by perfecting and exploiting more thoroughly the existing economical organisation. It would be to a certain extent a return to the more fixed forms of the civilisations which preceded the French Revolution, when men were more occupied in doing things well than in accomplishing a great deal very rapidly.

Whether this change in the direction of modern civilisation comes to pass or not, the mere fact that its possibility can be considered at all shows to what an extent our epoch has been disturbed by the World War. It is the depth of that perturbation which must be sounded and understood, for if not, we shall never succeed in getting our bearings in the great disorder of the present time.

Established 1808

Dunville's

AND V R

WHISKIES

13/6 7/-
Bottle Half-bot.

12/6 6/6
Bottle Half-bot.



Read what *The Lancet* (the leading Medical Journal) of 20th August, 1921, says of Dunville's Whiskies:—

"Evidence of a proper degree of maturation. . . . Particularly smooth, pleasant, and characteristic of the highest grade of Irish Whisky. . . . Odour and flavour maintained. . . . Examined in 1908 and 1914. No falling off in their good qualities."



On sale at leading Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars, also all Wine and Spirit Merchants for home supplies.

DUNVILLE & CO., LTD., Royal Irish Distilleries, BELFAST.
LONDON OFFICES—239 & 241 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

Making Cases to customer's special requirements is a feature of Harrods Travel Service—Estimates given free



A Remarkable Offer

For the girl at her finishing school, or for the short week-end visit, this handsome little FITTED CASE is ideal. Made in Morocco Leather and lined Moiré Silk, it is fitted with real ebony-backed brushes, silver-topped bottles, instrument board and mirror, and measures 14 x 12 x 7½ inches. The quality throughout, in materials and finish, is fully up to Harrods famous standard, and this Case is beyond question the finest Value in London to-day .. **7 Gns.**

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW 1



CHILDREN who have "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage will be as robust and healthy as are these bonnie children.

They are healthy because "Ovaltine" supplies them with the food elements they need for the maintenance of health and the growth and development of brain, nerve and body.

Health and growth depend upon the nourishment obtained from food. "Ovaltine" is super-nourishment in an easily digested form. It contains the concentrated food-elements extracted from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's foods which are richest in nutriment.

One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs. The food elements are balanced in just the proportions necessary for a growing child.

Children love the flavour of this delicious food beverage. It is so much better for them than tea or coffee.

Commence giving *your* children "Ovaltine" with their principal meals and between meals. Let them enjoy the health which is their birthright.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Price 2/6 per tin.

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

A. WANDER, Ltd., London, E.C.1.

Works: King's Langley.



'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Children—and adults, too—will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing food-sweet.

Price 1/3 per packet.

Fashions and Fancies.

Decorating an Autumn Hat.

In obedience to the universal rule of the bolster collar, hats must inevitably be small and tight-fitting, and the scheme of decoration needs careful thought, as the space for it is distinctly limited. A very becoming toque can be made entirely of two large ribbon cockades, springing from each side in the form of inverted shells and meeting in the centre, producing the fashionable helmet effect; the same shape is equally effective expressed in feather trimming. Another novel affair, which made its appearance among the new fashions, is a hat of black panne, innocent of all decoration other than two long streamers of velvet, ending in small tufts of ostrich feathers. The sketches on this page show how effectively ribbon, flowers, and feather mounts may be used to decorate small hats of varying shapes. The beret is also coming into its own again, but in more elaborate forms. Some are of black velvet, trimmed with cockades of ermine, and others are of velour, outlined with moleskin, and are worn with a coat or scarf *en suite*.

The Bridge Toilette.

In order to play the game really well in these days of general proficiency, one must undoubtedly adopt a distinctive costume. As the golf champion is distinguishable from amongst her less brilliant rivals by the severity of her attire, and the tennis enthusiast is judged by the number of racquets she carries, so the bridge expert now wears an exceptionally attractive garment known as the "Bridge Coat." This is an alliance of the jumper and overblouse, and may be expressed in crêpe-de-Chine, velvet, or marocain of original colourings and designs. Sketched on



A mount of small plumage pads gives a distinctive cachet to a small cloche hat of velour.

page 714 are some of the charming models to be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, W. Paisley velvet, with wide sleeves and edging of black moiré, rivals white crêpe-de-Chine embroidered in black; and a model of jade-green stamped velvet boasts wide, circular sleeves, which give the much desired cloak effect. The prices are equally varied; 59s. 6d. is the cost of a model expressed in fancy marocain (obtainable in all colours), tying at the side with the graceful cross-over bodice. The same design, carried



A soft satin ribbon cockade makes an effective finishing touch to a Napoleonic hat of black panne.

out in silk stockinette with distinctive patterns woven into the material, is 49s. 6d.; while a delightful affair, costing only 39s. 6d., is a Peter Pan model in fancy crêpe-de-Chine, finished with the long bow in front, which adds a distinctly youthful note.

An Invitation.

Burberrys, Ltd., the well-known outfitters of Haymarket, S.W., are holding a parade of winter sports fashions from next Monday, Oct. 22, to Friday, Oct. 26, at 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m. daily. Both men and women mannequins will parade, and all readers of this paper are cordially invited to attend.

Novelties of the Week.

Long lace veils, gracefully thrown right over the hat and completely renovating its appearance, are being worn in Paris at the moment; they are obtainable in London in various shades for 18s. 9d. The name and address will be sent to all who apply to this paper.

Versailles in a Regent Street Salon.

The new Salons opened by Jay's, Regent Street, W., are well worth visiting for the sake of the decorations alone, for they are perfect reproductions of the architectural master-

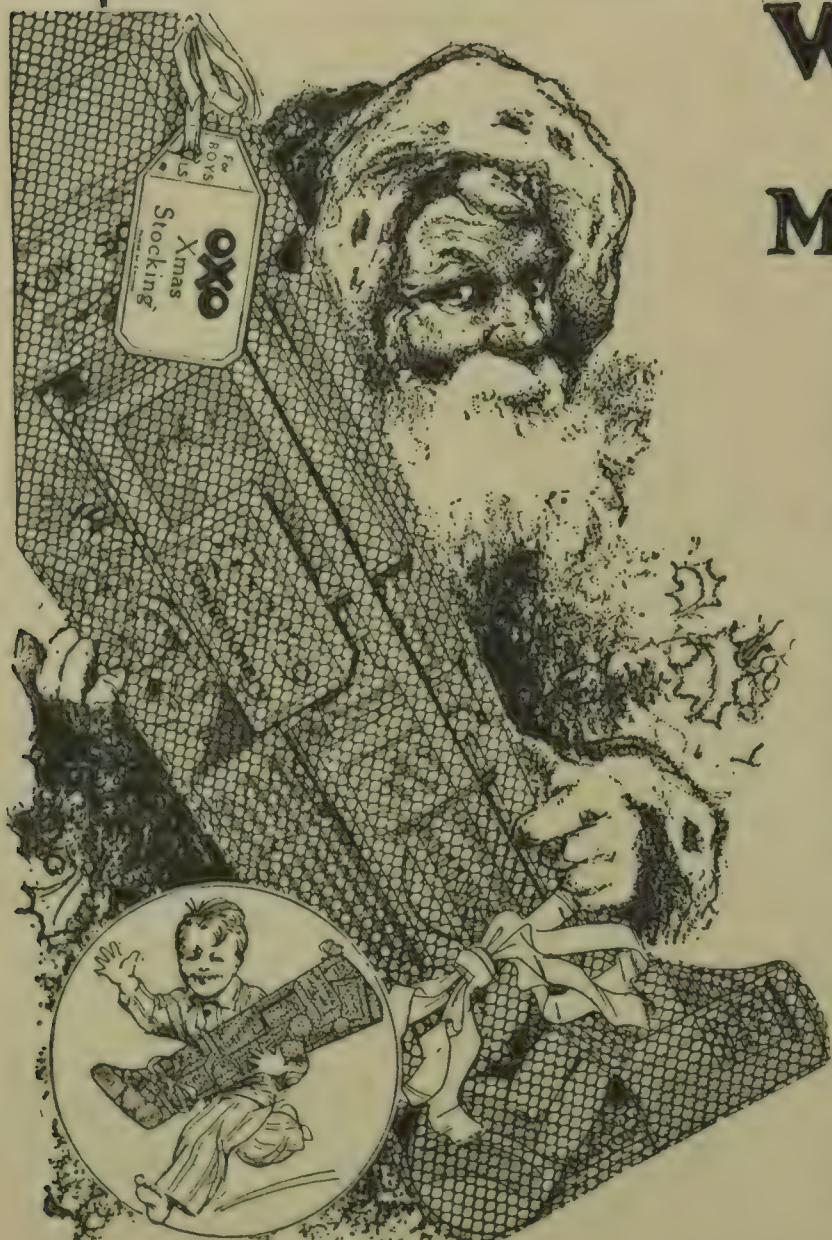
pieces of Versailles, admittedly one of the most beautiful châteaux in the world. The ornament in the centre of the ground-floor ceiling is taken from the Petit Trianon, and the decoration of the walls and rich carving over the entrance doors has all been inspired by the great artist de la Fosse, who lived in the days of Louis Seize, and was one of the principal designers of that time. The dividing up of the mirrors with ormolu studs noticeable in these salons is a method used largely at the period of Louis Seize, and is especially evident in the historical Hall of Mirrors, where the Peace Treaty was signed.

Clothes and the Man.

Although outwardly scoffing at a woman's love of clothes, every self-respecting man has an inherent desire to be correctly dressed on all occasions. And correctness in every detail ensures the pleasant sense of dignity bestowed by the knowledge that one is immaculately attired. The important choice of shirt, socks, and collar, and the proper manipulation of the tie—annoying problems at times—are quickly solved for all who seek the aid of the illuminating booklet issued by the well-known firm of Austin Reed, Ltd., entitled "Dress and the Man." Among its pages are to be found explanations and illustrations of every possible accessory. There is the Summit coat style shirt, price 10s. 6d., which is put on in the fraction of a second, or the ordinary Summit pull-over dress shirt, which ranges from 8s. 6d. White and black dress waistcoats, with their appropriate ties and socks, are fully represented, as well as gloves, handkerchiefs, scarves, etc. Well-cut dark grey overcoats are 5 guineas; and full dress coats, silk-faced, range from £7. This booklet may be obtained at all the many Austin Reed branches; or, in case of difficulty, by application to the Head Office, 19, Nicholl Square, E.C.1.



Dahlias of soft autumn colourings decorate this "chic" little hat, which would look well carried out in tabac ribbon velvet.



Wonderful Oxo Gift 50,000 Monster Xmas Stockings

Here is a lovely Xmas gift—a monster Xmas Stocking, 24 inches long—crammed with British Toys. Think of the joy it will give to a child—the surprise and delight at finding this wonderful present on Xmas Morning.

Will you secure one and give a child a happy Xmas?

HOW TO GET A XMAS STOCKING.

Simply collect Oxo Cube Outside Wrappers until you have 120 and post them, with your name and address, as soon as you have obtained the required number, to Oxo Limited, 2, Thames House, London, E.C.4.

The number of Stockings to be given away is limited to 50,000 and they will, therefore, be allotted strictly in the order in which the required number of Wrappers and Capsules

are received by OXO Limited. The last day for receiving Wrappers and Capsules is 30th November, 1923, and the Stockings will be despatched on, or about, December 15th.

For Specimen Stocking look in your Grocer's window.

Let the Children Help.

Every child will want an Oxo Stocking. Why not let the little ones start at once collecting Oxo Cube Wrappers? Their friends will be glad to help, and with a few wrappers here and there every day they will soon have 120.

Oxo Bottle Capsules count as follows:—
1oz. capsule 4 Cube wrappers
2oz. capsule 8 Cube wrappers
4oz. capsule 12 Cube wrappers
8oz. capsule 16 Cube wrappers



OXO Cube Wrapper



BY APPOINTMENT

PEARLS

CARRINGTON & Co. Ltd.

Court Jewellers
130, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

*Choicest Selection of
New and Secondhand*
**PEARL NECKLACES
AND ROPES**

JEWELS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

PEARLS



You can rely on the "De Reszke" to give you satisfaction to treat your throat and tongue in happy, friendly spirit so that you will want none other than this blend of choicest, sun-matured leaf. Whether your taste is for Turkish or Virginia, the 'De Reszke' responds in a way your palate appreciates

Baroness Orczy: "I think that you have achieved a perfect wonder. I am not, as a rule, fond of Virginia Tobacco, but your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes have quite converted me"

Norman Allin: "I have never before been able to smoke without feeling a bad effect on the throat. These 'De Reszke' Cigarettes I could smoke for ever."

DeReszke

CIGARETTES

Turkish or Virginia—both are equally good

TENOR
10...1/3 50...6/1
25...3/2 100...11/9



AMERICAN
10...10d 50...4/2
25...2/1 100...8/2

"De Reszke" Cigarettes are obtainable at all
high-class Tobacconists and Stores, or from

J. MILLHOFF & Co. Ltd., 86 Piccadilly, W.1



Great Musicians of To-day

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

Born November 6th, 1860, in Podolia, a province of Russian Poland. From 1887 his career has been one continuous triumph. In England, France and America his fame has steadily increased with each of the many tours he has made. At the close of the war elected Premier of the Polish Republic. His return to the concert platform in the present year re-established him in the position of the greatest of living pianists.

When Paderewski says

"I welcome the opportunity to advise the general adoption of the instrument known as the 'Duo-Art,'" and when he entrusts his whole reputation to this instrument by recording exclusively for it you must realise that the 'Duo-Art' stands in a class distinct from any other piano-playing instrument.

The 'Duo-Art'

'PIANOLA' PIANO

reproduces the actual playing of the great pianists.

Suppose you owned a piano on which Paderewski had played the great masterpieces of music; compositions of Liszt, Chopin, Beethoven and the other immortal composers. And suppose that in your own home, whenever you desired, this miraculous instrument would repeat these performances, as the master himself played them.

This is precisely what the 'Duo-Art' Piano does. It reproduces the playing of Paderewski, and not Paderewski alone, but all the other great pianists, and does it with absolute fidelity. Every element of tone, technique and expression is preserved, giving you a perfect reproduction of the artist's original performance.

The 'Duo-Art' Piano is also a 'Pianola'; and as such it endows you with the ability to play yourself and express your own ideas of interpretation.

And finally it is a piano for ordinary hand-playing. There are three different pianos made as 'Duo-Arts': the Steinway, Weber and Steck. Each of these is the leading instrument in its class.

A Wonderful Winter

lies before you if you have a 'Duo-Art' installed in your home at once. Over one hundred of the World's greatest pianists, classical, light and dance, will entertain you at will.

MAY BE PURCHASED ON TERMS TO SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE.
LIBERAL EXCHANGE ALLOWANCE ON YOUR PRESENT INSTRUMENT.

Catalogue on application.

THE AEOLIAN CO., LTD.,
Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street, W.1

Let living fingers play your dance accompaniments

The 'Duo-Art' reproduces not only the playing of great masters of the classics but also the playing of the chief exponents of dance music. The 'Duo-Art' offers a human touch, a perfect sense of time and rhythm that makes dancing a joy.



S. R. E.

CURTIS

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE MUSIC OF VENICE.

MOST people know Venice by sight, even if they have never been there, for there is probably no place in the world of which there are more pictures in circulation, whether by Canaletto, Guardi, and their contemporaries, or by the modern photographer. And there is, or at any rate there used to be, a Venice of the musicians which existed in the imaginations of those who might never even have seen a picture. It was a purely fictitious Venice, the product of the romantic period. There had been a time when Venice, like most other Italian cities, was full of music. It was a time of prosperity, when people seemed to have little else to do beyond amusing themselves at operas and concerts.

The old gay Venice of the eighteenth century came to an end, and was succeeded by the melancholy and crumbling Venice of the Byronic age. In the days of Tasso the gondoliers sang as they rowed; Byron's had left off that cheerful practice, though Rossini in his "Otello" introduces the gondoliers' song, which still remained as a traditional memory. And if the gondoliers did not actually sing themselves, they certainly ought to have done so. For the musicians of the nineteenth century provided pseudo-Venetian music, with or without words by Byron and Moore, until the Venetian convention became as familiar and as popular as the Spanish and Russian conventions are at the present day. Rossini is probably the originator of it; but the musicians who exploited Venice with the greatest success were Mendelssohn and Chopin. Rubinstein is also of the party; and after him there came an endless succession of drawing-room composers. This romantic Venice of the musicians was essentially melancholy and sentimental; the cheerful Venice of Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise" or "La Biondina in Gondola"

was quite forgotten. In this present century it is the romantic Venice which has been consigned to oblivion. And the visitor to Venice who had formed his first conception of its life from the music of the romantics would find himself strangely disillusioned. Byron and Mendelssohn do not seem at all appropriate to Venice of the present day. Venice is anything but melancholy; but it does not sing in the old manner. The big hotels, whose clientele consists so largely of honeymoon couples, feel that a certain amount of romance

for singing demands a reasonable amount of silence, and Venice is no longer a silent place. In the crumbling days one could hear the rhythmical splash of the gondolier's oar and his curious call as he turned the corners of the little canals. Nowadays gondoliers are dying out. Italy has become a modern country, and is most anxious to parade the fact.

The Lido, that long ridge of sand which separates the lagoons from the open sea, is now the most expensive seaside resort in Italy. The gaiety which goes on there is the modern equivalent of that Venetian carnival life which made Venice so notorious a city of pleasure in the eighteenth century. It is at the Lido that the Americans, French, and English amuse themselves, and the impoverished Italian aristocrat is only too delighted to be their guest. The Lido is, in the words of Marinetti, the *città futuristica*.

Under the patronage of D'Annunzio, a certain fashion for old Italian music has made its appearance. Those who collect old furniture and old glass profess an admiration for Monteverdi and Marcello. There is a trade in sham antique music just as there is a trade in sham antique furniture. I regret the passing of the gondola, though I could never afford to get into one; and I detest the motor-launches, because they are on the way to make Venice as noisy as place as Genoa or Naples; but since the world has made up its mind to move on, let us have the appropriate music of the present day to accompany its movements. In the eighteenth century there were hundreds of

popular songs composed—a collection of them was published a year or two ago in Germany under the title of "Canzoni da Battello"—which give a delightful picture of the gay social life of those days. Modern Venice has no more use for Mendelssohn and Chopin; the charm of the motor-launch can only be expressed by the genius of Casella and Malipiero.

EDWARD S. DENT.



THE CORNISH "RIVIERA" AS A WINTER RESORT: ONE OF ITS FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOTS—ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

From its warm climate and its lovely scenery, south Cornwall has come to be known as the Cornish "Riviera." As a winter resort it is becoming increasingly popular, largely owing to the excellent arrangements of the Great Western Railway, whose luxurious trains, with restaurant cars, make the journey a pleasure in itself. St. Michael's Mount, near Penzance, is a famous feature of the picturesque coast.

must be provided for them, and organise "serenades" on the Grand Canal, which means that a few people whom it would be a courtesy to call musicians sit in an illuminated boat and bellow popular Neapolitan songs or favourite operatic extracts. Street music, which, even within living memory, used to be quite good in many Italian cities, is now atrocious.

It is no wonder that Venice has given up singing,



Tone

THERE is individuality about a gong.

A gong made by the well-known British firm of William Soutter & Sons, Ltd., is arresting both by its grace and the quality of its workmanship.

A hundred years' experience goes into the mellowness of its note.

There are many styles and finishes. The one illustrated above is executed in old brass, and carries a solid 10 in. gong.

Price £4 13 6

A worthy member of the Soutterware family.

TMC
Soutterware

Your usual dealer will supply you. Ask for it by name.

THE TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
London Showrooms: 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

(E.P.S.133.)

£1,000
First
Prize



What
is my
name?

Fry's
PURE
SOLUBLE
**Breakfast
Cocoa**

£1,500 IN PRIZES

J.S. FRY & SONS, Ltd. (Bristol & London)

GIRL NAME COMPETITION

J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Bristol and London, want a name for their trade figure, and you are asked to place in what you consider their order of popular esteem, the ten names on the Entry Form printed below.

A first prize of £1,000 will be awarded to the competitor whose forecast is nearest to the popular verdict, as shown by the votes recorded. There will be a second prize of £250, and five further prizes of £50 each will be awarded to the next best forecasts.

There will also be awarded boxes of chocolates as one thousand consolation prizes.

In the event of ties, all or any of the prizes will be divided accordingly and pooled if need be for that purpose.

Competitors may send in as many Entry Forms as they wish, but each Entry Form must be accompanied by the wrapper from a 4-lb. tin of Fry's Breakfast Cocoa. The wrapper from a 4-lb. tin counts for two entries, and from a 1-lb. tin four entries.

The decision of the Board of Directors of J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., as to the prize awards and as to any other matter relating to the competition, shall be accepted as final and binding, and competitors shall enter the competition on that footing only.

All envelopes (properly stamped if sent by post) containing the Entry Forms must be addressed "J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., 3-9, Union Street, Bristol," and be marked "FRY NAME," and must arrive at that address not later than twelve noon on Thursday, December 20th, 1923.

J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., will not be responsible for any entries being lost, mislaid or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

Letters must not be enclosed with entries, and no correspondence will be entered into regarding the prize awards, or this competition, or anything connected therewith.

J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., do not bind themselves to use any name for which a prize may be awarded.

No one in the employment of the Company is eligible for the Competition.

TO THE TRADE.—£100, £25 and five 25's, for one retailers named by prize-winners in this competition.

ENTRY FORM

Ask your Grocer for further entry forms.

Place these ten names in order of popularity

<input type="checkbox"/> Susan	<input type="checkbox"/> Priscilla
<input type="checkbox"/> Matilda	<input type="checkbox"/> Patience
<input type="checkbox"/> Barbara	<input type="checkbox"/> Grace
<input type="checkbox"/> Prudence	<input type="checkbox"/> Phyllis
<input type="checkbox"/> Elsie	<input type="checkbox"/> Jane

Enter figure 1 opposite your first choice and so on. I agree to abide by the rules and to accept the decision of the Board of Directors of J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., as final and binding in all respects. Write in capitals.

Name & Address

County

Cocoa bought from

To: J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., 3-9 UNION STREET, BRISTOL I.L.N. 20/10

Cut out,
fill up,
and send
in this
form.

Additional
entries can
be sent in
on plain
paper.

The
Gramophone
Advance of
the Century



Sir
HENRY J.
WOOD

Conducting the NEW QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA (*Proprs: Chappell & Co., Ltd.*) has achieved an incomparable triumph in gramophone music with an 8-part recording of Tschaikowsky's

"Pathetic" Symphony

(8 parts on 4 Columbia Records). Its charm is richly enhanced by its reproduction on the noise-free surface of

Columbia
New Process RECORDS

PURE Music! No Scratch!

12-inch Double-sided, Price 7/6 each.

- | | | |
|-------|---|--|
| Li489 | { | SYMPHONY No. 6 (PATHETIC). In Eight Parts (Tschaikowsky) |
| Li490 | | Part 1.—Adagio (First Half) |
| Li491 | { | Part 2.—Adagio (Second Half) |
| Li492 | | Part 3.—(a) Allegro vivo; (b) Andante mosso |
| | { | Part 4.—Allegro con grazia |
| | | Part 5.—Allegro molto vivace (First Half) |
| | { | Part 6.—Allegro molto vivace (Second Half) |
| | | Part 7.—Adagio lamentoso (First Half) |
| | { | Part 8.—Adagio lamentoso (Second Half) |
| | | Complete in Art Album—30/- |

SIR HENRY J. WOOD says of the New COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA: "I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."



Produced in nineteen beautiful models, from £5 10s. to £85. Write for Art Catalogue, and name of nearest dealer—COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

The New
Columbia
Grafonola



Equally Everlasting

It matters not which you wear—real deep-sea pearls or *Ciro Pearls*—for they are identical in every respect, equally beautiful, equally everlasting. They differ in one thing only—the price. You can possess

Ciro Pearls

for a moderate outlay, and they are guaranteed for all time.

This substantial liberal guarantee of perpetual satisfaction which is the distinguishing feature of our methods—the solid foundation of our success—is, like *Ciro Pearls*, everlasting.

*We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp, in beautiful case, on receipt of One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare them with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.*

Our Booklet No. 16 tells more about *Ciro Pearls*. Post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd
178 • REGENT • STREET • W.1 • DEPT. 16
48 • OLD BOND STREET • W.1
44 CHEAPSIDE • E.C.2

It is impossible to buy *Ciro Pearls* elsewhere.



SEAMLESS MESH BAG (PS 6253) of Sterling Silver. Fitted with invisible flush opening catch. Made in the latest design and exquisitely finished.

With 4-inch frame	£7 7 0
With 5-inch frame	£8 18 6
With 6-inch frame	£10 10 0

Silver of Quality

In the choosing of Silver, whether for presentation purposes or for personal use, true wisdom lies in choosing where you can be absolutely sure of the Quality. Here is an attractive example.

Write to-day for a copy of Harrods Illustrated Brochure of Silver and Cutlery.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

RADIO NOTES.*

THE long-disputed subject of Radio Licenses has at last been settled to the satisfaction of the general public and to most of the parties interested in the business side of radio. There are now five forms of license—

1. "Experimental Transmitting."
2. "Experimental Receiving."
3. "B.B.C."
4. "Interim."
5. "Constructors."

The first is intended for advanced experimenters who have mastered the two subjects, reception and transmission. No. 2, costing ten shillings yearly, is for those who desire to conduct experiments in reception of radio signals and telephony; but the holder of such a license must have satisfied the Postmaster-General that only bona-fide experiments will be carried on, and also sign a declaration that broadcast programmes will be listened to only for experimental purposes. The "B.B.C." license, which costs ten shillings yearly, is for those members of the public who use ready-made broadcast receivers manufactured and sold under the terms of the agreement between the Postmaster-General and the British Broadcasting Company. Under the new regulations, "B.B.C." receiving-sets are much cheaper than formerly, as the result of a reduction in royalty fees. No. 4 license, costing fifteen shillings, has relieved the minds of thousands of people who constructed their own receiving-sets, but lacked the qualifications necessary for acquiring the Experimental Receiving license under the terms of the old conditions. This "Interim" license, if acquired from post-offices before Oct. 15, grants permission for the use of home-made sets already in use but unlicensed hitherto, and imposes no condition as to the make of the apparatus.

"Constructors'" licenses are for the benefit of anyone who intends to make up a receiving-set from component parts, but these must be of British or Northern Ireland manufacture—that is to say, parts known to be of foreign manufacture should be declined. At a cost of fifty shillings, it is now possible for

* Published fortnightly.

anyone living within twenty miles or so from the nearest broadcasting station to enjoy broadcast entertainment every day throughout the year. There are eight broadcasting stations in Great Britain, and these are situated at London, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Cardiff, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

Each station transmits its own special programme every day, and during the course of a year about 2000 hours of entertainment are broadcast from each

other broadcasting stations, including London, over five hundred miles away. On such occasions any crystal set which receives from the local broadcasting station will receive the distant stations equally as well. Before simultaneous broadcasting was introduced, it was only possible to hear far-off stations with elaborate and expensive valve receivers. Now, however, a performance in front of the Aberdeen microphone may not only be broadcast from Aberdeen, but some of the speech current will be conveyed simultaneously along telephone wires to each of the other stations, converted into radio waves, and transmitted to each respective locality.

A "Constructor's" license at fifteen shillings and a pair of telephones at twenty-five shillings are the chief items in the cost of a home-made crystal set. Another seven-and-sixpence will cover the cost of the remaining parts, which may consist of a cardboard tube measuring 4 inches long by 2½ inches diameter, around which is wound a hundred turns of twenty-four gauge enamelled copper-wire, a "slider" on a rod for engaging the proper turn of wire for "tuning-in," a "detector" at half-a-crown, a few terminals, a single aerial wire about forty feet long, and a wire to the nearest water-pipe. A set made up on these lines will serve as an introduction to radio, and enable the user to hear local broadcasts every day, simultaneous broadcasts whenever they occur, and at a cost per year of—less than a farthing per hour!

The opening of the new broadcasting station at Bournemouth was arranged for last Wednesday. Thousands of listeners in the South of England and the Isle of Wight will appreciate the programmes of their local station, which is designed on the most modern lines of radio development. Its studio and microphone are in Holdenhurst Road, about two miles from the trans-

mitting station, both departments being connected by telephone wires conveying the sound-currents. The Bournemouth station works on a wave-length of 385 metres, and the call letters are "6BM." Everybody who wishes to see the latest achievements in broadcast apparatus and radio-telephony development should endeavour to visit the "All British Wireless Exhibition," to be held at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, London, from Nov. 8 to Nov. 21.—W. H. S.



"HULLO THE BRITISH ISLES!" THE PERFECT "RADIO" VOICE.

Our illustration is of Mr. Arthur R. Burrows, Director of Broadcast programmes, who has the rare gift of voice and temperament especially suited to broadcasting. His announcements from the London Broadcasting Station are appreciated by thousands of listeners all over the British Isles. Our photograph shows Mr. Burrows with his "Ethophone V." receiver, listening to a broadcast performance.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

of the respective stations. All stations are interconnected by ordinary telephone wires, and a programme from any one station may be broadcast simultaneously from all. For example, when the Aberdeen station was opened on Oct. 10 the Marquess of Aberdeen's address and some of the musical items—including bagpipe selections—were heard not only by the Aberdonians and others in the surrounding districts, but also in every locality served by each of the

Good Value in Linen Pillow Cases

is even more apparent now than formerly owing to the big drop in linen prices. No substitute can take the place of linen pillow cases, which are so smooth and restful, and as an aid to refreshing sleep have no equal.

A FEW EXAMPLES

No. 1710.—Special Value in Irish Linen Pillow Cases made from Sheet Linen suitable for hard wear in the following sizes and prices. Per pair 20 x 30 ins. **6/6**

Supplied in a finer quality 20 x 30 ins. **9/6**

No. I.L.N. 1710.—Special Value in Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases of very reliable qualities in following size and price, 20 x 30 ins. **9/3**

10/6 and 12/6 per pair.

No. I.L.N. 1710.—Irish Linen Pillow Cases of Standard Make, specially woven to go with medium and fine sheets in following sizes & prices, per doz. 20 x 30 ins. **52/-**

Fine quality, 20 x 30 ins. **62/6**
22 x 32 ins. **57/6**
22 x 32 ins. **69/6**

No. I.L.N. 1710.—Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases. Quality as above, in following sizes and prices per each Medium Quality, 20 x 30 ins. **6/11**

22 x 32 ins. **7/11**
Fine Quality, 20 x 30 ins. **7/9**
22 x 32 ins. **8/9**

No. I.L.N. 1710.—Pure Irish Linen Hemstitched Pillow Cases in following size and price, each 20 x 30 ins. **4/11**

Write to-day for Illustrated List No. 40 D, sent post free. Delivery of parcels guaranteed, and carriage paid on all orders of 20/- upwards in the United Kingdom.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

Linen Manufacturers

BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

Also at Regent Street, London, and Church Street, Liverpool.

Velivole

A Perfume of Rare Distinction

A Perfume that delicately emphasises the personality of the user, created by the famous old Paris perfumery house of L. T. Piver (Founded 1774), Paris.

VELIVOLE is highly concentrated, yet always delicate and long-lasting in use.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

In Gold-engraved Bottles, 10/6 & 21/-



FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

THE "BURLINGTON."

AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI OR FULL LENGTH COUCH.



Automatic Adjustable Back.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked.

The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C7 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

(Patented.)

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



All golf balls are round.

But not all of them are all-round golf balls.

They all look well.

But there is only one real test.

And that's the rough and tumble of the links.

A "WHY NOT" weathers well.

It always comes up smiling.

The 1923 **WHY+NOT** THE BALL WITH THE PLUS MARK

The Green Cross "Why Not" is slightly larger than the Red Cross. Weight guaranteed within regulation requirements. At all Professionals & Sports Goods Dealers, **2/6 each.**

Manufactured by

HENLEY'S TYRE & RUBBER CO., LTD., 20/22, Christopher St., Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2

Phone: Walthamstow 780 (9 lines)

Wire: "Vangaslow," Wallstreet, London.

GOOD LIGHT radiates - - cheerfulness

On the other hand, poor illumination causes discomfort and discontent, and is never economical in the long run. Whether it be for a Town or Country House, Hotel, Club, Restaurant or Library, the most satisfactory way of obtaining efficient illumination is by installing the scientifically designed Holophane Units.

For lighting large rooms and spaces effectively the

HOLOPHANE FILTERLITE

is recommended. This is a new development in the control of light and is dustproof. Correct refraction and diffusion ensures that a good, soft, even light is thrown wherever required, without waste, shadow or glare.

The Holophane Lighting Service covers a unique organisation based on 30 years' experience in solving lighting problems of every description. The Holophane illumination specialists are always at your disposal. They will prepare specifications, or offer advice as to how existing fittings may be adapted to give better results—absolutely Free of obligation—and they usually enable economies to be effected in the lighting bill.

The Holophane Lighting Service is applicable to all forms of artificial illumination and for all types of Units.

Holophane for Scientific Illumination

Any Lighting Contractor will obtain for you, free of charge, specifications prepared by Holophane Engineers and will submit estimates based thereon—or write direct for Brochure No. 47, explaining more fully the benefits to be obtained from Scientific Illumination by means of Holophane Filterlites and Holophane Units generally.

HOLOPHANE LTD., 47, Elverton St., Vincent Square, LONDON, SW1

N.B.—See that the name "Holophane" appears on the unit purchased. Every motorist should know about the Holophane Motor Lens.



HOLOPHANE
FILTERLITE



The Gift of Healing can be yours

After two hundred years ceaseless service Westminster Hospital—the oldest voluntary Hospital anywhere—has had to close its doors.

The need for re-opening them is urgent and imperative. The best medical advice and the highest surgical skill are always available, but the building is out of date. Planned 100 years ago, before the time of Pasteur and Lister, and long before X-Rays were discovered, its present equipment is inadequate. Efficiency demands immediate reconstruction, hence this,

The First Appeal for Fifty Years

for structural work and modern appliances. New operating theatres, a surgical ward for children, a maternity ward, extension of the Electrical and X-Ray departments, and a home for the nurses must be provided. To meet the cost of this and other most necessary work

£50,000 is Wanted at Once.

Westminster Hospital, whose President is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is much more than a local institution. Men, women, and children of every class and age—victims of sudden disaster or subtle malady—come from all parts of Great Britain to find, in the Broad Sanctuary at Westminster, a sanctuary indeed.

Two Million Patients

have been treated within the walls of the hospital; and so much having been done, and so well done, there must be no holding back. The Committee appeal for prompt and generous help from rich and poor, young and old, in order that these essential ministrations of mercy may be resumed as early as possible. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is showing a warm interest in this forward movement. Your immediate co-operation is asked that the re-opening may not be delayed.

Give Generously and Give at Once.

Cheques & Postal Orders should be made payable to: **THE CHAIRMAN,**

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, WESTMINSTER

The Treasurers of the Hospital are Henry H. P. Bouverie, Esq., and Sir Robert Hudson, G.B.E.



FOR smart English style, master workmanship and service, Stetson Hats conform to the highest standard.

STETSON HATS

SOLD BY PRINCIPAL HATTERS EVERY WHERE

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Revolution in Coachwork.

Revolution seems to be in the air, in so far as the motor-car is concerned. The other day I attended a demonstration of a new method of motor-body construction which will unquestionably have a tremendous effect, more especially in the lower-priced car business. The method is one invented by M. Weymann, a well-known French airman and motorist, and by its aid it is possible to construct a saloon body which is absolutely free from rattles and squeaks, which weighs no more than the conventional touring body, and which costs half, or even less than half, the price of the present-day saloon. Nor is this attained by any sacrifice of appearance or comfort. On the contrary, the appearance is good, while the comfort is not exceeded by any saloon in which I have ever ridden—and they have been many. Rather has it been achieved by scientific design of the framework, which is made as flexible as possible, as opposed to the iron-like rigidity of the conventional body, and by the use of leather cloth instead of metal or wood

than how it is built. The car I tried was a Talbot-Darracq, and when running over bad roads at high speed the body was quieter than an open touring *carrosse*, which is a great tribute to the Weymann construction. Then we charged high kerbstones at thirty-five miles an hour, and came down with a bump on to the road again. We found a road in which were two iron man-hole covers, which stood by measurement five inches above the road-surface and just tracked with the wheels. These we went straight over at thirty-five. Unkind to the car it may have been, but the demonstration was one of the flexibility and silence of the coachwork. I imagine that a saloon of the ordinary type would have been strained to pieces by the things we did. Certainly there would not have been a whole pane of glass left. Yet the Weymann made no sound, no rattle—not even a tiny squeak—

and nothing broke or looked like breaking. It is not, I think, going too far to say that the Weymann construction will revolutionise coach-building. It certainly brings a comfortable, even luxurious, closed car within the reach of the motorist of strictly moderate means.

A New Packard Model.

A most interesting car has been introduced by the Packard Company, of America, and has recently been seen for the first time on British roads. It is quite a remarkable car, in that it has a "straight eight" motor, whose eight cylinders have a bore and stroke respectively of 86 by 127 mm., giving an R.A.C. rating of 36.6-h.p. In design it is quite conventional and closely follows the lines of the well-known "twin six," of which I have rather happy road memories. The Packard is, of course, one of the best cars produced in America, and has nothing at all in common with

the cheaper class of cars from the United States—it is quite comparable with the best produced in Europe. Nor is it at all a cheap car (this new "straight eight" chassis is priced at £1155 in



FITTED WITH A DETACHABLE CANOPY OVER THE DRIVER'S SEAT: A NEW NAPIER LANDAULETTE.



DESIGNED AND SUPPLIED BY STRATTON-INSTONE, LTD., TO MRS. JOSEPH A. MACKLE: A HANDSOME DAIMLER COUPÉ.

panelling. It is difficult to describe within the short limits of space available to me, so I shall not attempt it. And, after all, what it does is of more importance

chassis form), but one does not look at this when the car bears the name of Packard. I have not as yet had an opportunity of trying this new car on the road, but that is something I am looking forward to doing in the very near future. If it has anything like the qualities of smooth running, acceleration, and speed of the other two Packard models—as I am assured it has—then it must be a very good car indeed.

Car Equipment.

I have been looking through car specifications, and confess to a feeling of astonishment at the completeness of the equipment which now goes as a part of the car. Not so many years ago everything was an "extra." All you got for your money was the car itself. If you wanted lamp brackets, they cost more money. If you thought a hood was indispensable, then you might have it on payment of an extra ten-pound note or so. Right down the whole accessory list, extra money was demanded for each single item.

The American manufacturer set a new example, by selling his car fully fitted out with essentials. It

(Continued overleaf.)



BY APPOINTMENT

STRATTON-INSTONE LTD.

Daimler



21 h.p. 6-seated Landaulette-de-Luxe, £1250

A luxurious model of the Highest Grade, distinctive alike in appearance, silence, comfort and road performance. Immediate delivery.

Daimler Landaulettes-de-Luxe are also available in the under-noted models. Inspection invited.

12 h.p.	4 seats	£910
16 h.p.	4 seats	£1040
30 h.p.	7 seats	£1625
45 h.p.	7 seats	£1900

Free delivery anywhere in Great Britain.

Write for Descriptive Catalogue to:

STRATTON - INSTONE LTD.,

27, PALL MALL
LONDON S.W.1

TELEPHONE
REGENCY 933

TELEGRAMS
"STRATSTONE, LONDON"

"Style at a price you can afford."



A Stylish Saloon.

LUXURY at small cost—a Saloon Car you will be proud of in any company. The "Standard" Saloon is light, airy, roomy and comfortable. Fittings and finish are everything that can be desired. There are four doors and plenty of room for four or five people.

"Standard" reliability and ease of control.

All Complete only **£525**

Other Models:
14 h.p. (Rating 13.9 h.p.) "Lexington" 2-Seater, or "Warwick" 4-Seater, £375
11 h.p. (Rating 11.4 h.p.) "Canley" 2-Seater, or "Kenilworth" 4-Seater, £235

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1

The All British Standard
Light 2 & 4 Seaters: 11 h.p. & 14 h.p.

"COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD"

Reduction in Prices

Globe-Wernicke

"ELASTIC" Regd. BOOKCASES

Take advantage of the opportunity to buy a Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase at the reduced prices now prevailing. Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases are world-famous for their quality and fine finish. They are BRITISH MADE, by the originators of the Unit idea, and contain only the best features in sectional construction—receding glass doors, felt strips to keep out dust, noiseless action, etc.

"ALWAYS COMPLETE BUT NEVER FINISHED."

Made in three styles—Standard, Ideal and Universal. Write to-day for Catalogue No. 22 B. and particulars of reduced prices.



BOOKCASE AS ABOVE.	
STANDARD	£6 5 0
STYLE. OAK	
MAHOGANY	£8 6 0
Additional Oak Units	£1 8 6
from ...	
Mahogany ...	£1 18 0

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Ltd.

Office and Library Furnishers.

London: 44 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1; 82 Victoria Street, S.W.1;
98 Bishopsgate, E.C.2. Manchester: 13 Victoria Street.



GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

SOLD IN BOTTLES & LOTS
IN TWO QUALITIES—

SPORTSMAN'S (Dry), QUEEN'S (Sweet)

For more than a century Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy has enjoyed a world-wide fame, and connoisseurs acknowledge that this delicious combination of fine old Brandy and the natural juice of the English Morella Cherry is still pre-eminent amongst all the world's liqueurs. It gives new life, new strength, new joy to all who drink it. Therefore, ask for Grant's Morella, and take no other.

**WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY**

From all leading Wine Merchants,
Hotels, Restaurants, &c. The Distillery,
Maidstone.

Fleet Street Week for Bart's

Patrons of the Week:
Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman E. C. MOORE.
Viscount BURNHAM. Viscount ROTHERMERE. Viscount ASTOR. Lord RIDDELL. Lord BEAVERBROOK. Sir EDWARD HULTON. Sir CHAS. STARMER. Sir WILLIAM BERRY. Rt. Hon. C. A. McCURDY, M.P., K.C. Major J. J. ASTOR. HENRY T. CADBURY, Esq.

(St. Bartholomew's Hospital).

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OCT. 22nd—28th, 1923.

An urgent appeal is now made in aid of St. Bartholomew's—The Mother Hospital of the Empire—which has a record of Eight Hundred Years in the service of suffering humanity.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

MONDAY, Oct. 22nd.

ALL FOR BART'S BAZAAR AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Tickets, 1/- 12 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Band of H.M. Life Guards.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23rd.

THE CO-OPTIMISTS.

Special Matinee at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Usual Prices: at the Theatre and usual Ticket Agencies.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24th.

GRAND WHIST DRIVE.

Cricklewood Skating Rink at 8.30 p.m.
Cash Prizes £55.

Admission 2/6.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25th.

BOXING DISPLAY.

The United Hospitals Boxing Club v. The Belsize B.C. and the Stock Exchange B.C. at Stadium Club, High Holborn, W.C. 7.30. Admission 3/- to 21/-

FRIDAY, Oct. 26th.

GRAND DANCE.

At the Cricklewood Dance Hall. Special Display of Exhibition Dancing by leading exponents of the Art. Admission 5/-.

Great Flag Day.

Through the City by St. Bartholomew's Hospital Students.

SUNDAY, Oct. 28th.

CONCERT AT QUEEN'S HALL AT 8 P.M.

MARK HAMBOURG. Westminster Choral Society. London Symphony Orchestra. Admission 2/4 to 21/-

1924 11'9 Four-Seater "Bean" Touring Car, fully equipped, has been specially selected by the Executive Committee for disposal to benefit the Funds of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Tickets for any of the above entertainments (with the exception of the Co-Optimists) obtainable at:—

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH Offices, 180/1, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

EASTERN MORNING NEWS Offices, 147, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, 2/4, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, Contributions Department, E.C.1.



Stirling Castle, in days gone by a favourite residence of the Scottish Sovereigns, plays a prominent part in history. This venerable fortress was taken by Edward I in 1304, but was retaken by Bruce ten years later after the battle of Bannockburn. James II and James V were born in the Castle, and here in 1452 James II stabbed the rebellious Earl of Douglas.

A Commanding Position

THERE is a certain analogy between the venerable castles of the middle ages and the great commercial houses of to-day, for both are representative of an era in British history.

One of the great commercial houses of to-day is the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., which places at your disposal a service worth your consideration.

This service consists in the distribution throughout the country of the Chart of Recommendations and the highest grade lubricating oils and greases. By using consistently Gargoyle Mobiloil you place the lubrication requirements of your motor car on a scientific basis. We urge you always to make the Chart your Guide and benefit by the advice of lubrication specialists.

The appreciation of this unique service by the motoring public has brought the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and its products into a commanding position—a position wherein the Company is the recognised authority on all lubrication questions, and its products—Gargoyle Mobiloils and Greases—the highest quality and best value that money can buy.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is sold everywhere in white lithographed cans of convenient size, also in drums and barrels suitable for your own garage.



Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide

HEAD OFFICE:

Caxton House, Westminster, London, S.W.1

WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

Belfast	Bristol	Glasgow	Manchester
Birmingham	Cardiff	Hull	Newcastle-on-Tyne
Bradford	Dublin	Liverpool	Sheffield

was quite a long time before the British makers came into line. It always seems to be, but when they do decide upon a policy they have a habit of being very thorough. Since the war, it has been the thing to include almost every necessary fitment in the list price of the car, and now we have reached a stage



VALUED AT £1100: A NOTABLE REVOLVING CABINET OF 12,000 HAVANA CIGARS.

This cabinet of Havana cigars, specially imported from Cuba by Harrods, is over 8 ft. high and over 3 ft. wide. It contains 12,000 choice cigars from the famous "Partagas" factory. There are ten sizes—five straight-shape, and five torpedo-shape—ranging from a 4½ in. cigar to a 6½ in.

when the average British car is better equipped than the American, and one knows exactly what it is going to cost to put it on the road. When the car is bought complete, at a flat price, with even such accessories as a motor-mascot on the radiator-cap, and with shock-absorbers, spring gaiters, grease-gun lubrication and all, nothing is left to be added by the purchaser. Indeed, it becomes difficult to spend any money at all, even on luxuries. That is undoubtedly as it should be.

W. W.

MAYO'S LAST CASE.

(Continued from page 703.)

for miles as level as the sea, and, except for one solitary ring of aged oaks, as empty. Knowing that his man must have taken cover in the timber, Simmonds slowed down to a walk. For all he knew, a fight was in store for him, and he might need all his breath and all his strength.

From the shelter of the trees he flushed his quarry as a beater flushes a partridge. With a bare twenty yards start, the man broke cover and headed southwards across the empty tableland. For the first mile he gained ground. Then he slackened speed. Again he made a desperate spurt. At last he reeled and flung himself face downwards on the short turf.

Simmonds slowed up and looked about him. He began to regret that he had brought no weapon. East, west, south and north, there was no sign of any chance of human help—and a desperate man at bay is an ill thing to tackle.

But the hunted man showed no wish to fight. As the detective approached him he sat up, threw off his hat, pulled off his beard, and showed, grimed with dust and sweat, the face of Albert Mayo.

"You!" gasped Simmonds.

"Yes, me. I couldn't let you take that poor chap. He's had all the trouble that's good for him without going to quod on top of it. I've been hanging about his farm for the last two days ready to lead you off on a false scent as soon as you turned up."

"The deuce you have! And a nice row you'll get me into," said the detective sulkily, dropping on to the turf by Mayo's side. "Where has he gone to—anyway?"

"Out of the country. I'll not tell you where, but his ship sails at noon to-day. That's why I've decoyed you away from telegraph offices."

"That's no use. You forget there's such a thing as wireless. We can nab him wherever he is."

"Do you really want to nab him? The man has had trouble enough to drive him crazy. Wife dead! Business ruined! Home sold up! When the home was sold he had nothing to do but sit and brood over his troubles. Think of it. He borrowed twenty-one pounds, and that blood-sucking octopus of a money-lender got a hundred out of him, and ruined him to get more. Isn't it natural that he should try and get even with the old skinflint? Mind you, I don't say that he showed a proper, forgiving, Christian spirit when he wrecked Philemon's garden and put garlic in the cows' food. But I do say that the chances are that you and me would have done the same. At first it seems he only meant to spoil Philemon's chance of taking a prize for his milk and butter at the Dairy Show. Then he let the ponies into the flower-garden for a bit of extra devilment. Then he was tempted to get at the old man's money and get back what he considered was his by rights. He took no more than that, mark you—only just so much as he considered he had been robbed off. You've got to make allowances for a man that's half-crazed with worry."

"Have I! I've got to do my duty—that's all

I know. I've got no instructions about making allowances. And my duty is to get back to town right away and get the wireless busy."

"Is it worth it? He didn't take the money at the last. I persuaded him to give it back to me to give to you as a condition of my helping him get clear of the country." Mayo took a roll of notes and tossed them into the detective's lap. "So all you've got against him now is the matter of the doped cattle food, and the broken tulips, a smashed window, and the thrashing that old Philemon got. Is it worth while to get the police busy, and take out extradition warrants just for the sake of juggling a poor fellow that's pretty well down and out already?"

"I shall get an awful wiggling for this," said Simmonds ruefully, rising to his feet and pocketing the notes. "I'll be blamed for letting you meddle in the business. I bet you I get orders not to let you have any hand in any more cases of mine."

"Ah, well!" answered Mayo, "it had to come to that sooner or later. You see, all you care about is nabbing your man—and quite right, too—it's your duty. But I'm an old lag, and as like as not I want to get him off. Do we part friends, Simmonds?"

The detective hesitated—and grasped the offered hand. Then one went north and one went south—each to his own duty.

And on the empty Downs the larks were singing and the cuckoos calling.

THE END.

LET "THE BIG SIX" HELP YOU WHEN YOU GO TO PARIS.

At the Paris Offices of:—

"The Illustrated London News,"

"The Sketch,"

"The Sphere,"

"The Tatler,"

"Eve,"

"The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News."

13, 15, Rue Taitbout,

Boulevard des Italiens,

there is a very comfortable Reading-Room, where current and back copies of all the "BIG SIX" publications may be read.

In addition, advice and information will gladly be given, free of charge, on Hotels, Travel, Amusements, Shops, and the despatch of Packages to all Countries throughout the World. A room is set apart for the convenience of subscribers to any one of these journals, with the use of an English stenographer.

RELIABLE FURS

OUR Fur Department contains an infinite variety of Coats, Capes, and Fur Sets copied and adapted from exclusive Paris models. Practically the whole of these garments are manufactured in our own workrooms by skilled furriers under expert supervision. The greatest care is taken to provide a thoroughly reliable garment at the lowest possible price, combining refinement of taste with the highest grade of excellence.

MODEL FUR COAT worked from selected seal dyed musquash skins, becoming collar and sleeves of sable dyed kolinsky, specially designed by our own artist. Lined rich flowered crêpe-de-Chine.

Price 198 Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
DEBENHAMS, LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

Baby Jackson,
of Wembley.

Healthy Babyhood

BABY will make splendid progress on Mellin's Food. Possessing all the nourishing properties necessary for healthy growth, Mellin's Food is, next to Nature's Food, the best of all diets for baby from birth onward.

Mellin's Food

A perfectly balanced diet, easily digested and readily assimilated.

GLIDER FREE.

Send 6d. entrance fee to our Grand Skill Competition. Hundreds of Cash Prizes. Also enclose stamped addressed envelope, and you will receive a Free Gift for your youngsters—a 13 in. folding and self-righting Glider. All sixpences to Financial Secretary, Room T, The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C. 1.

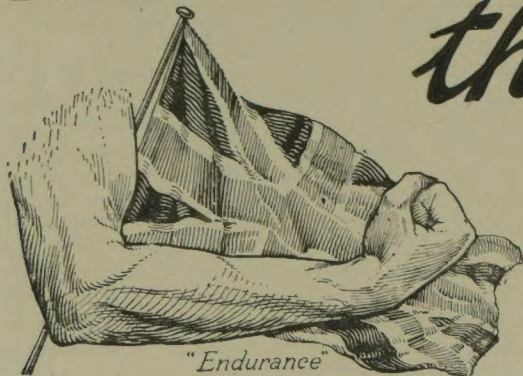
We will send Samples and descriptive booklet, free on receipt of postcard.

Mellin's Food Ltd.,
London, S.E. 15

Baby Wade,
of Henfield

Write to Almagam Mills, Harpenden, for a copy of "The Motorists' Handbook" (Edition N). It will be sent to you free.

Almost $\frac{1}{3}$ rd the cost—and better than a New Tyre



ARM RUBBER PRODUCTIONS.

WE GUARANTEE THE NEW ALMAGAM TREAD

we fit to your old covers, either Grooved or Swastika pattern, for 3,000 miles, but the unsolicited testimonials we receive show that a tyre, after it has been retreaded by us, and all defects removed from the casing, is better than a new tyre.

ARM HOSE

Our Hose Department is as large and as capable of turning out at least as much hose as any factory in the country. We make hose for every purpose.

RUBMETAL HOSE for conveying oil, petrol, petroleum, acids, alkalis, etc.

HIGH PRESSURE STEAM HOSE.

BREWERS' HOSE specially sweetened for conveying beer, spirit and hot liquors.

GARDEN AND GARAGE HOSE.

OUR RADIATOR HOSE is well known throughout the Motor Trade. We supply this to manufacturers of motor cars, cut exactly to the length that they use in connecting up their Radiators. This saves them waste and trouble of cutting from long lengths. We supply several of the largest motor car manufacturers in this country with these connections.

TESTIMONIALS.

London, E.C.3, 6/6/22.

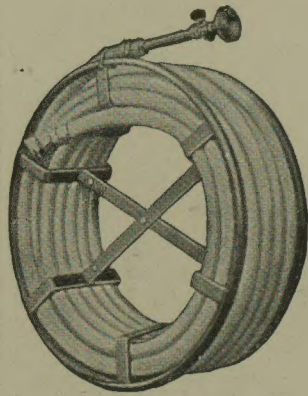
"I had this hose some 7 or 8 years ago and it is certainly the finest and best wearing that I have ever had, and I must compliment you on such a splendid production.

Yours truly, ———."

Winchester, 23/5/22.

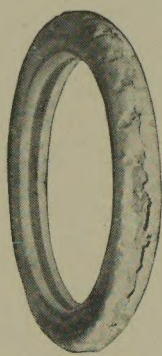
"Mrs. ——— will be obliged if the Almagam Rubber Co. will send her the prices of garden hose. She had one from the Company some years ago which was very satisfactory.

Yours truly, ———."

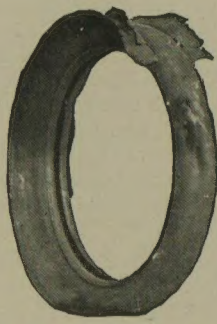


Write for Illustrated Price List.
Special Terms for the Trade.

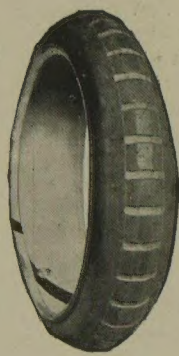
HOW ALMAGAM RETREADING IS DONE



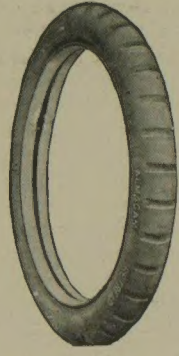
No. 1.—As the tyre arrives at our works. After examination it is stripped of its old tread and all old rubber is buffed off, leaving the casing clean inside and outside.



No. 2.—Sample of a badly made tyre, which we open out and re-build, and make decidedly better than new. The worn and weak places having been found, the casing is then sent to the solutioning department, where it receives many coats of rubber solution.



No. 3.—The casing has now been re-built and strengthened and is in a fit condition to be vulcanized. The tread is made of the same material and fitted in the same way as a new tyre.



No. 4.—The result of the Almagam Process. The tyre with either a pattern, grooved or steel-studded tread is now ready to cover thousands more miles.

The original of this Testimonial may be seen by anybody at any time.

Thorverton, Devon,

Sept. 30th, 1923.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your invitation to give your retreads a trial. Possibly you are unaware that I have been a regular client of yours for years, as my covers come to you through the Wessex Garage in Exeter. I think you are very modest in guaranteeing them for 3,000 miles. Some time back I bought my first 30 x 3½ smooth cover from you—this did about 8,000 miles. I then sent it to you for retreading, and it went on for another 7,000 I then sent it again to you, and it now has another 3,000 to its credit. It will shortly make its bow to you again, for I find your retreads usually outlast any other new covers with great ease,

Yours faithfully, ———"

N.B.—The above-mentioned 30 x 3½ tyre is an ARM TYRE, and was manufactured by us. The latest price of this ARM tyre is £3 11s.

When Buying New Tyres
Buy British Tyres—they are the Best
and
ARM TYRES are the Best British Tyres

Send Tyres for Retreading to
ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN

and put your burst or punctured tubes
inside the tyres—we can repair them for you.

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS LIMITED.

Depots: 172 Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1. 100 Victoria Street, BRISTOL. 38 Grey Street, NEWCASTLE.

'Phone: Gerrard 5423/4

Bristol 2536.

Central 966.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

SYBIL THORNDIKE IN A JONES DRAMA.

NEW to us, but done some nine years ago, apparently in America, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Lie," has an old-fashioned air and an old-fashioned technique; but, along with the weaknesses of the sort of drama popular, say, in the 'nineties, it has its good points. The weaknesses soon force themselves on the notice of a twentieth-century audience. Of two sisters brought up together, we are asked to suppose that the elder shall not have realised that the younger is calculating, unprincipled, deceitful and treacherous, and that the one girl, after having been saved by the other from the publicity and scandal she might have experienced in bringing an unwanted child into the world, could let her unselfish and devoted sister be thought to be the mother of this infant, and confirm the mistake by a deliberate lie, of which she takes advantage to marry the innocent girl's suitor herself. Thus the plot has to battle against the incredulity of any intelligent playgoer from its start. On the other hand, with his postulates once granted him, Mr. Jones has certainly got a story to tell, and works it out ingeniously and excitingly in terms of emotion; as a mere *pièce de théâtre* it is telling enough, with two big situations—one in which the heroine first learns of her sister's treachery, and the other in which she faces the traitress—that give splendid scope for acting. So one can understand the attraction of the play for Miss Sybil Thorndike. And, undoubtedly, in the passionate scene of its third act, Miss Thorndike was magnificent at the New Theatre *première*. Wrestling furiously with the man who opens her eyes to the truth, struggling to get at the sister who is just leaving the house, shrieking after her as she waves a false kiss in departure, "Judas sister! Judas sister!" this transformed angel, you felt, might have committed murder then. No wonder the actress's audience went almost mad in its enthusiasm. But, by some error of stage-management, the later scene between the two sisters, which, though too long-drawn-out, might have been almost equally effective, was spoilt and turned into an anti-climax. Both Miss Thorndike and Miss Mary Merrill used the same sort of

emotional methods, both actresses were to be seen beating their breasts and doing so simultaneously. Somebody ought to have seen at rehearsal that such a spectacle was bound to be disastrous to all illusion. Miss Thorndike's idolaters forgave it, and forced speeches from both their favourite and the author, but the error should be remedied at once.

"TRUST EMILY." AT THE CRITERION.

Those who like that sort of farce in which characters are tripped up, or come into collision with one another, or have doors locked behind them, and are constantly in a procession of mad helter-skelter across the stage, will like "Trust Emily," now filling the Criterion bill, for there is an abundance in it of such bids at humour, and, indeed, not so very much else. A rich young man in Miss May Edginton's piece falls in love with a scent, or with the unknown lady carrying it, and all the women in a country house parade before him claiming to be the person of whom he is in search. They are locked up one by one, in attics, cellars, and other rooms, until, by a process of elimination, and amid tumult from the imprisoned rivals, is reached the parlourmaid, who is really a girl of position masquerading as servant. Miss Edna Best is the parlourmaid, rather underplaying the part. Miss Helen Haye and Miss Athene Seyler are in the cast, along with Mr. Hugh Wakefield; and Miss Connie Ediss gets the best chances of affording real amusement. A line in the play which makes someone say, at this time of all others, "I've always thought of Australia as a continuation of Tottenham Court Road," calls aloud for suppression.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES." AT THE PRINCE'S.

Melodrama, frank and unashamed, will always find a place on our stage, more especially when written round a character which all the world has consented to adopt as favourite, such as Sherlock Holmes. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has saved dramatists of his stories so much trouble that, given men of experience, as Mr. Harold Terry and his collaborator, Mr. Arthur Rose, may be said to be, and let them only have the courage to turn those stories into downright melodrama, as they have in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," and the thing is done. Sherlock leaps whole before us, for playgoers of every stamp to relish. What one likes in the new Prince's version

of the detective's exploits is the fine collection of criminals he is called upon to "down." Colonel Moran is there, but we are reminded of other problems Sherlock had to solve, and he is not made so invincible or so full of foresight that his victory proves a foregone conclusion. Mr. Eille Norwood's performance in the titular rôle is genuinely picturesque, and he has the support of strenuous acting from a good all-round cast.

No appeal is worthier of generous response than that made by Westminster Hospital, the oldest of the hospitals supported by voluntary subscriptions, which was founded in 1719 as "an infirmary or place of entertainment in the Parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster." Its first home was a house in Petty France, at a rental of £22 a year, suitable for about twelve in-patients. Since then two million patients have been treated in the wards and out-patient departments, and the institution has grown to a hospital treating 2500 in-patients in a year, and with out-patient attendances totalling 74,416 in 1922. The plans on which the hospital was constructed were at that time perfectly sound; but since that date, enormous strides have been made in surgery and medicine, as well as in sanitation. Pathological, X-ray and electrical departments, then undreamt of, are of vital importance. Temporary expedients for a time met requirements, but they will now no longer suffice, and this fact, together with the pressing need for repairs to the fabric, have forced upon the Governors the decision to carry out an extensive scheme of improvements. At the same time, the opportunity will be taken to provide special wards for persons suffering from diseases of the ear, nose, and throat, a maternity ward, and particularly to house the nursing staff comfortably and adequately in a new nurses' home outside the hospital. The Governors aim at making Westminster Hospital thoroughly modern and up to date in every respect. It should be remembered that an efficient hospital with a medical school and a training school for nurses is an asset to every class of the community. The total cost of the alterations will amount to £70,000, and of this £20,000 has been promised. No contribution can be too large; none too small.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

GOUT—RHEUMATISM—ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS

EVIAN-CACHAT
DIETETIC WATER.

THE SEASON of EVIAN

French side of the Lake of Geneva.

MAY—OCTOBER.

Nervous
BreakdownShows that your
Nerves are StarvingGive them the Finest Nourishment
in the World—Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Statement by Mrs. M. E. Whitehurst

Writing from Acacia House, 77, Rainham Road, Chatham, Mrs. M. E. Whitehurst says: "I feel it my duty to write to you regarding Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I am very thankful that I was advised to take them. I was very ill from a nervous breakdown after the death of my husband, and was quite helpless—indeed, I could do nothing for myself. I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, however, and I am now quite well and strong, and you may be sure I shall recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for
Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

TAKE TWO AT
BEDTIME

and note how well you
sleep, and how re-
freshed and fit you feel
in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's for

Nervous Breakdown Neuritis Indigestion Sleeplessness Neurasthenia Nerve Pains Headache	Anaemia Palpitation Kidney Weakness Children's Weakness Wasting
---	---

Specially Valuable for Nursing
Mothers and during the Critical
Periods of Life.

ALPINE SPORTS, LIMITED.

CHAIRMAN—SIR HENRY LUNN.
BEST HOTELS, BRITISH CLIENTELE AND
CONTROL.

PONTRESINA, MURREN, MORGINS.

The Three Best Winter Resorts in the Alps.

Plans and full particulars from

The Secretary, 5 P.V., Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. 1.

2 P.V., Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W. 1.

JERSEY FOR LATE
HOLIDAYS
GRAND HOTELPremier Hotel. Continental Cuisine. Choice
Wines. Golf. Orchestra. Wireless. Dancing.
Specially reduced terms.

Write Manager for Tariff.

JERSEY—THE SUNNY ISLE

Himrod's
ASTHMA CURE

The standard remedy for over 50 years
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 6d. a tin

Oakey's "WELLINGTON"
Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters
at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1.

Price 2/-

BONZO'S STAR TURNS

The Fourth Studdy Dogs Portfolio. NOW READY.

16 PLATES IN COLOURS.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: "THE SKETCH," 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

No
Other
Variety
Is of such
Outstanding
QUALITY

See
"Lancel's" opinion,
27th July, 1907.THE FINEST
TOILET PAPER
EVER PRODUCED.Sold everywhere in
Rolls, Packets, and
Cartons.NOVIO
TOILET PAPER

Why is NOVIO the most ECONOMICAL
Toilet Paper? Because NOVIO ROLLS CARTON
weigh 12 oz. each, and CONTAIN THREE OR
FOUR TIMES MORE than the so-called cheap
rolls made of common inferior paper.

ANTISEPTIC, THIN, SOFT,
STRONG AND SILKY.

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers,
Chadwick Works, 26, Grove
Park, S.E. 5.



Let

EVE

teach you Mah Jongg

THE first of a unique series of articles on MAH JONGG, the craze of London and Canada, began in "EVE," the Lady's Pictorial, of October 17th, and is being continued weekly. Everybody is learning MAH JONGG, the game that has gripped educated China for a thousand years. The "EVE" articles, written by an expert, will teach you the rudiments and, by easy stages, the most advanced theory and practice of this intriguing game. They are simple, practical, and fully illustrated.

1/-

Every Wednesday.

1/-

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

PAID IN ADVANCE

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) ...	£2 18 9
Six Months ...	1 8 2
Including Christmas Number ...	1 10 7
Three Months ...	0 14 1
Including Christmas Number ...	0 16 6

CANADA

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) ...	£3 0 11
Six Months ...	1 9 3
Including Christmas Number ...	1 11 8
Three Months ...	0 14 7
Including Christmas Number ...	0 17 0

ELSEWHERE ABROAD

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) ...	£3 5 3
Six Months ...	1 11 5
Including Christmas Number ...	1 13 10
Three Months ...	0 15 9
Including Christmas Number ...	0 18 2

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money; by cheque, crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited", or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C.2



Cuticura Will Help You Have Beautiful Hair

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, preceded by light applications of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin, do much to cleanse the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, stimulate the circulation and promote the healthy condition necessary to produce luxuriant hair.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

For a quick good shave

there's nothing to beat the businesslike sweep of the KROPP, the razor which, by reason of its keen cutting edge, shaves comfortably and easily without effort.



Black Handle, 10/6. Ivory Handle, 18/-
Every Razor is packed in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c

Send postcard for a copy of 'Shaver's Kit' Booklet No. 51.

Wholesale only: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

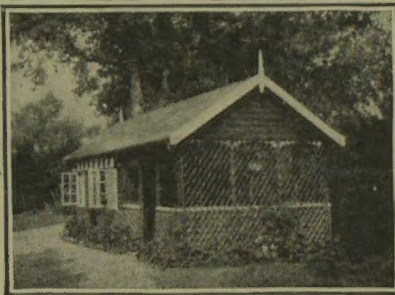
Before retiring for the night
Preserve your health & appetite



By taking

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



For Open Air Study or Play

Children thrive rapidly in the open air. All the benefits of an outdoor life with no fear of wetting or chill can be given them if you erect a Browne & Lilly Children's Den in your Garden. Ideal for play or study. Easily erected anywhere at small expense.

Write for Catalogue No. 83, illustrating the above, also Motor Houses, Portable Buildings, etc. For Catalogue of Bungalows, ask for No. 104, also List of Cottages, our world-famed cottage home.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.,
Manufacturers and Exporters.
THAMES SIDE, READING.

GREY HAIR

HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 the Flask, or direct, stating shade required, from
HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.



Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES

Specially Trained against
BURGLARS FOR LADIES' GUARDS
from 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
Telephone 52 Broxbourne
30 minutes from Liverpool Street

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD



FILTER

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

The sweet
always appreciated

Already sweetened with
Pure Cane Sugar only.

CHOCOLATE in
chocolate's most
delicious form.

PREPARED BY

H.J. GREEN & CO. LTD. BRIGHTON

Manufacturers of

GREEN'S The Original Brighton SPONGE MIXTURE

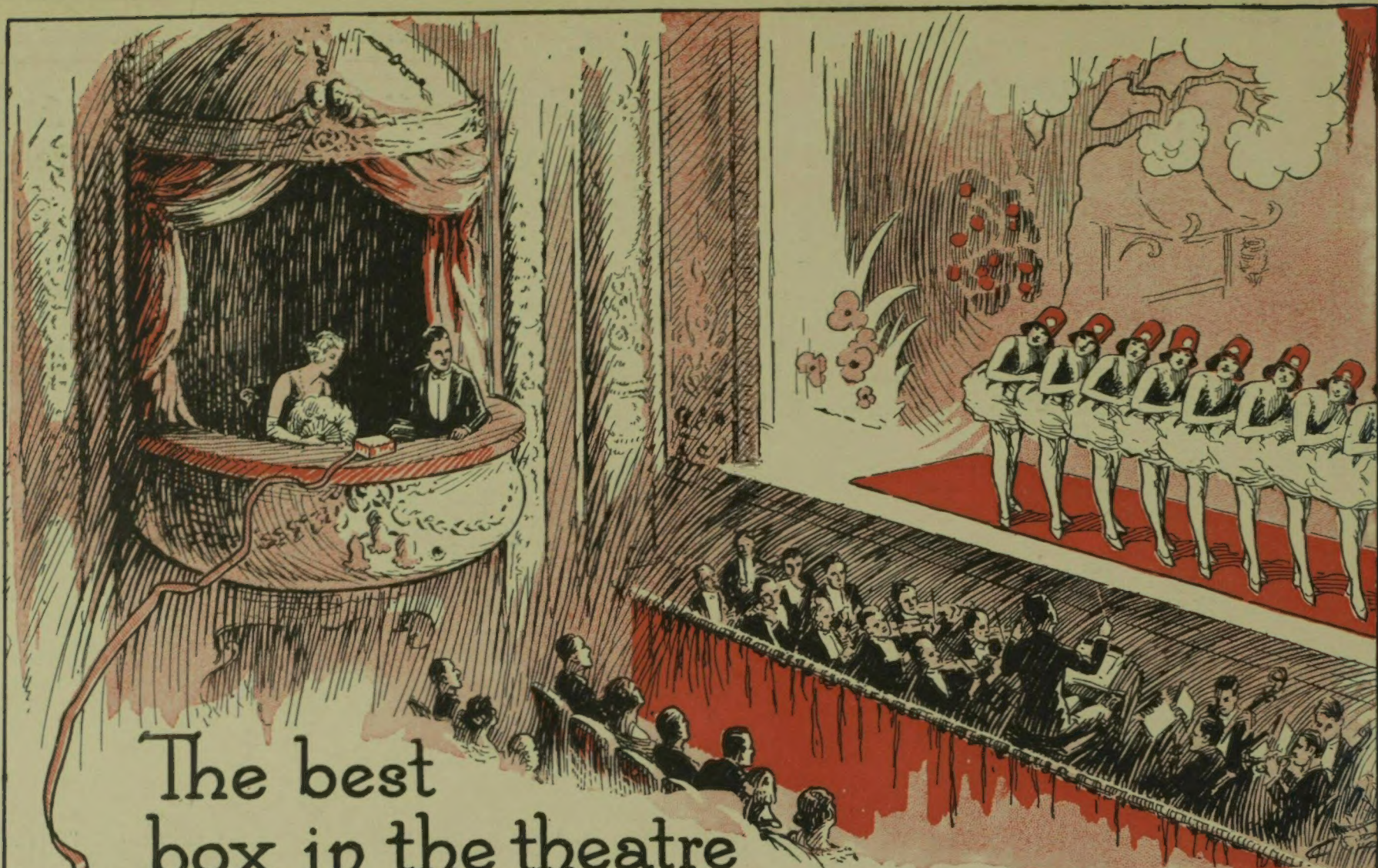
GREEN'S

CHOCOLATE MOULD

(CHOCOLATE BLANC - MANGE)

5d

PER PACKET
of High Class Grocers
& Stores everywhere



The best box in the theatre

is a box of Barker & Dobson's Viking Chocolates. Better than an ordinary box and much better than ordinary chocolates. Finer in flavour and a greater variety of delicious centres. When other chocolates of like quality are 6/- per lb., how can Viking be sold at 4/- per lb. ? A large output lessens the cost of Viking and this saving is given to the public.

1 lb. box as illustrated, 4/3; 2 lb. box 8/-, and in a variety of fancy boxes at prices ranging from 4/6 to 21/-.

Barker & Dobson

By weight and in plain $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 lb. and 2 lb. boxes at 4/- per lb. Viking Milk Chocolates Assorted same price.

VIKING CHOCOLATES

Ask also for Barker & Dobson Chocolate Brazils, whole nuts. 1 lb. box 4/8, 2 lb. box 9/4. Milk Chocolate Brazils same prices. Barker & Dobson Original Royal Everton Toffee and Walnut Toffee in golden tins at 1/- and 3/- each.

Sold in most better class shops and stores.



"Viking is its own reward."

Established
1834.

BARKER & DOBSON Ltd.

Viking Chocolate Factories

LIVERPOOL & LONDON